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FADING LIGHT!

BY EDWARD OXENFORD.

We roam amid chequer'd shadows,
'Neath the sweetly-scented limes,
And see, where spread the dusky meadows,
Pictures of the olden times!
'Twas there were vows of love begotten,
There our hearts by love were wed
One eve that ne'er can be forgotten,
For all true the words we said:
"The light may fade, but love will live,
And passing years new strength will give!
True hearts apart will never stray,
But one remain for aye and aye!"

With None Between.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "LOVER AND LORD," "WITH A ROD OF IRON," "A MAD LOVE," "DOLLY'S LUCK," ETC., ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER VII.

KITTY is silent, painfully conscious that she is in presence of a grief beyond her understanding, an anguish for which her simple stores of consolation hold no anodyne or balm. She knows how to deal with pain and sorrow better than most girls of her age, for she has been the Vicar's right hand in all deeds of charity and the village Lady Bountiful ever since Fate made her the mistress of her father's house; but the woes she has dealt with hitherto were simple and intelligible. She is perplexed as well as sympathetic here.

But the true instinct of the consoler is here; and, though she says nothing, there is such force of honest and earnest desire to help in the glance of the steady brown eyes, the clasp of the firm strong hand, that almost insensibly the weak creature beside her feels some little warmth of comfort steal into her forlorn and aching heart.

"How good you are, how kind and strong and tender!" she says, with a faint smile and grateful pressure of the hand; "Georgie is right; it does me good to see you, and I received you so badly that perhaps you will never come again."

"Oh, yes, I will, as often as you wish to see me!" Kitty ejaculates, thankful in her innocent heart that the conversation is taking a lighter turn; "and, as for my reception, I am prepared to admit that I deserved it, though Georgie was a far greater sinner than I. I hardly know where he had placed me or what I was doing until I heard——"

She pauses there, with a quick remembrance of the other's fierce order that the music should not be mentioned again. Mrs. Wentworth has however forgotten her own prohibition or changed her mind, for she finishes the sentence quietly—

"Until you heard my voice; I suppose it startled you?"

"Startled!" Kitty echoes the word, which seems so poorly and imperfectly to describe the rapture that thrilled her as she listened to the unearthly sweetness of that strain. "Yes, I was startled, I suppose; but there was something more, Mrs. Wentworth, how is it possible that you can sing like that and keep your secret so long?"

Mrs. Wentworth shakes her head, and says—

"You happy girl; I hope you will never know what it is to have a secret to keep—that you will never learn by sad experience how the habit of secrecy and concealment grows!"

Kitty colors at what feels like a home-thrust. Frank and honest as the girl is, she knows very well there is one secret she can and will keep to her life's end—one sharp and torturing pain she would die rather than reveal.

"Oh, some secrets are easy to keep!" she cries, trying to cover her confusion with a reckless assertion of the faith she does not feel. "But did ever any one wilfully and of set purpose hide such a gift before? It was unfair to all around you. Fancy how all the girls in the neighborhood have twittered and squeaked, like so many robins and wrens, while all the while the nightingale sat mute! I declare I feel my face flame when I think of my poor little songs."

Mrs. Wentworth smiles at the high-flown speech, and the smile, for once quite natural and free from any touch of bitterness, brings back a wonderful beauty to the delicate dark face.

"It need not," she says, with obvious sincerity. "I do not suppose you would ever have made a public singer; but your voice is very pleasant to listen to—clear, fresh, and true as a bird's."

Kitty's eyes sparkle with pleasure at the commendation, and mirth at what seems a most preposterous idea.

"Have made a public singer?" she echoes gaily. "Well, no, I am afraid there was not much chance of such a career for me. What put such a queer fancy into your head?"

"Shall I tell you?" Mrs. Wentworth leans slightly forward, fixing her bright mesmeric glance upon the frank face, as though she sought to read the answer to her question there. Apparently she does so, for she says slowly—

"Yes, I can trust you with one of my secrets at least. The career was my own once, Miss Jephson; I was a public singer."

"You?" For the moment it is all the girl can say. Her big eyes widen in wonder. She hardly knows whether she is pleased or shocked or taken by surprise. She has lived in an Arcadian atmosphere, in which public singers and all their kind are looked upon as natural curiosities, to be regarded from a discreet distance with lorgnette-aided vision, but never by any chance to be encountered in the prosaic paths of every-day life. But, though such has been her training, Kitty is neither narrow-minded nor Philistine by nature; on the contrary, she has keen artistic sympathies and a certain leaning to the artistic life, of which in her secret soul she is just conscious and ashamed. So, after a second's pause, she cries, with very genuine enthusiasm, "A singer! And such a singer as you must have been, it must have been pure delight to you to sing!"

The great gray eyes light up, the lips quiver, the faded face grows radiant with that strange beauty once again.

"It was; it was my kingdom!" the woman cries a little wildly, Kitty thinks. "There are many crowns and thrones in this world, Miss Jephson; and, though mine was of tinsel, it seemed very splendid once to me."

"But you resigned it of your own free will for General Wentworth's sake?"

"No, not for his." The light fades from even more quickly than it had come to the tragically-expressive face. "Before I ever saw him I had ceased to sing!"

Kitty looks as she feels, more than a little perplexed.

"But he knew," she begins; and, before she herself understands the full awkwardness of her question, Mrs. Wentworth answers it.

"Yes, he knew all, and he was satisfied. There is no reason why I should tell my secret, but I feel that I can trust you, and it is a comfort—a comfort I hope you will never understand—to speak out what is in one's heart at times."

"I am glad you feel that," Kitty cries, with sincere and hearty sympathy. "Tell me just as much and as little as you please, Mrs. Wentworth. I am sure there is nothing that you cannot say to me."

Mrs. Wentworth shakes her head.

"You are a rash girl as well as a kind one, Miss Jephson; but so far you are right. In what I shall tell you there will be no harm. My life as a singer was innocent and happy enough, though it meant much hard work and self-denial at first for small reward."

"But after?" Kitty breaks in, with glistening eyes. "When you won fame and fortune—when you heard nothing but the echo of applause, and your name was on every one's lips? By-the-way—how very absurd not to have asked it before—what was your name then? Even I must have heard it, I suppose."

"That is scarcely likely, I think; you were a little girl when I ceased to sing."

"Well, my father would know it or Lord Archdale. He seems to have been personally acquainted with all the world's celebrities for the last quarter of a century, and music is his special craze. Do tell me your name, Mrs. Wentworth? I will mention it casually before him and see what he has to say in your praise!"

She rattles on, excited, interested, and pleased with her own idea, not noticing the absolute silence in which her hostess listens. But, turning, she sees the terrible gray pallor of the face that is bent forward, as though in an agony of expectation, the sort of rigid horror in which the delicate features are fixed, and springs up with the quick inquiring cry—

"Mrs. Wentworth, what is it? You are ill?"

"No, no!" The woman rises too, and stands, a slender swaying figure, white-faced and eager, shaken by some strong feeling far beyond her own control. "It is nothing; the room is a little hot. But you spoke of some one—a friend—a——"

"Of Lord Archdale, do you mean? Yes, he is a friend of ours, and at present staying at the Elms. Do you know him?"

"No"—the word rings out clearly and fiercely, almost violently—"he is a perfect stranger to me; but I—I thought——"

The sentence ends there in a broken sigh, and before Kitty Jephson can take more than a step towards her the speaker has fallen heavily to the floor.

* * * * * *

It is an uncomfortable and anxious hour that follows for Kitty, though the maid summoned to her mistress's assistance relieves her greatest uneasiness and dispels the lurking sense of mystery by treating the swoon as an accustomed thing.

"Oh, yes! She will go off in a moment without any cause, and sometimes it will be a good hour before we bring her to," that somewhat stolid and matter-of-fact young person says, applying pungent essences and restoratives with about as much emotional interest as she would display in arranging the details of a dinner-dress. "She suffers dreadfully with her heart."

"Then these fainting-fits must be dangerous!" Kitty exclaims.

The maid looks at her in some surprise.

"Dangerous—of course they are, miss; she may go off in one of them some day! But, dear me, it does not much matter how she goes, when any one can see the poor lady is not long for this world! But for Master Georgie, I believe we should have lost her before now. It is quite wonderful to see how these two are wrapt up in one another."

"Poor little boy!" Miss Jephson echoes softly; and as she thinks with keen compassion of the little lad so soon to be doubly orphaned, a tear detaches itself from her long lashes and rolls down warm and heavy upon the upturned face.

Either that or some other coincident cause breaks the spell of the long swoon. A faint struggling sigh breaks from the parted lips, the great gray eyes unclose and stare with a languid wistful wonder into the compassionate eyes above.

"She'll do nicely now," the maid says, "only she must not talk or excite herself much for the rest of the day."

Kitty is only too ready to take the hint and take her departure; but, when she tries to say "Good-bye," Mrs. Wentworth's thin fingers close over hers, and the voice that is too weak to rise above a whisper implores her to remain.

"Only a few minutes more—there is something I must say," Mrs. Wentworth says; and, reluctantly enough, the girl resumes her seat, and waits in silent patience for her to speak again.

She does not do so for fully twenty minutes, and the time to Kitty seems interminably long. She falls to nervously speculating what the sick woman can have to say, whether her speech will have any connection with her illness, or whether—absurd as the fancy seems—she will speak of Lord Archdale.

Her doubts are all solved at last. Mrs. Wentworth turns upon her pillows, and looks anxiously at the girl's frank eyes.

"You are so good to me, Miss Jephson, and I am vexing and troubling you!"

"Not vexing, indeed, but I am sorry for your illness, and afraid——"

"Afraid!" Mrs. Wentworth echoes as the girl hesitates over the last word. "Afraid of what?"

"That I have made some stupid blunder, agitated and excited you and caused your illness in some way."

"In what way? What did you say?"

It is an embarrassing question, since Kitty is herself by no means sure what direction her vague suspicion takes, only she is uneasily conscious that it is there, and that it is in some way connected with Lord Archdale's name. She colors, looks uncomfortably round, and then arrives at what is for her the only possible solution of such a difficulty, and blurts out the exact truth.

"I said I would speak to Lord Archdale of your public life, and thought that the name gave you a sudden shock."

A short silence follows, in which Kitty can hear her companion's hard irregular breathing, and knows that the poor weak heart is throbbing fast. The large sad eyes do not droop or turn away, but into them there comes a wild hunted look pitiful to see.

"You are right," the woman says wearily at last; "the name did startle me, though Lord Archdale and I are strangers to each other, have indeed never met; but there are reasons—too long to explain—why I wish him of all people not to know of my existence, not to hear my name."

"He certainly shall do neither from me," Kitty promises promptly, more and more puzzled by the vehement passion with which the last request is made. "I will forget all you have told me, Mrs. Wentworth, if you wish."

"No; forget me altogether! Kind as you have been, pleasant as it would be to have you near me, we had better say 'good-bye' to-day!"

"Good-bye!" Kitty echoes, more surprised and hurt than she cares to show by this sudden whim on the part of the woman who seemed disposed to trust and cling to her entirely so short a time ago. "Why, I thought, Miss Wentworth, we had just agreed that we might be fast friends!"

"So we might if circumstances were different," the other answers nervously, her

eyes turned away; "but fate is against us now. It has been against me, has robbed me with savage persistency of all I cared for my whole life long. I am not a fit companion for a bright happy girl like you—a worn, restless, irritable woman, broken in health and spirit, and at war with all the world."

"If that is all, we can sit and mope together," Kitty says promptly; and a very real and painful bitterness lies under her ready smile. "I make the best of matters, Mrs. Wentworth, since it always seems to me poor policy to make the worst. But mine is not such a happy lot; nor am I so satisfied with it as you seem to think."

"Because of your father's second marriage?"

"Because of that and other things," Kitty cries, holding her proud little head very high and hating herself for the swift blush that will come with the remembrance of Oscar Clifford's perfidy. "Somebody says that we all have a cross to carry and a skeleton to hide. Believe me, the one weighs heavily on my back, and the other rattles its bones harshly in my closet at times."

She speaks out of the fulness of a very sore heart oppressed by the burden of its own care, and utterly unconscious of the envy with which her companion listens to the list of troubles that seem light as thistle-down in comparison with her own. The contrast seems to her so cruel as to rouse something like resentment in her mind.

"Great heavens," she thinks fiercely, "how they exaggerate; these children who do not know what real suffering is! She to talk of her cross, of her skeleton, and to me! If she knew, if she only dreamed of what I could tell her! Bah, it would almost turn her innocent baby brain!"

But Kitty, unconscious of harsh criticism, goes innocently on.

"We may be friends still, Mrs. Wentworth, and I will bid you 'good-bye' now, because I shall repeat my visit soon."

"No, stay a little longer, because we shall not meet again. Do not think me capricious or ungrateful," she adds eagerly, as she notes the quick flush that rises to the clear dark skin. "There are many reasons why I say this, but not one of them is unkind to you. The first——"

"Well?" Kitty asks, a little brusquely, though some strong instinct tells her that she need take no personal offence at whatever this strange woman may say. "What is the first, Mrs. Wentworth, since you insist on giving reasons, though I am quite prepared to take them upon trust, and promise never to repeat my visit?"

The woman's hand flutters feebly out and holds hers fast; the great haggard eyes say even more plainly than the quivering lips—

"No, do not quarrel with me. The first reason is a strong one; I am going to leave this place."

"To leave Conway Dell!"

Miss Jephson's voice and face express the surprise she feels. In common with all her neighbors, she had looked upon the General's widow as a fixture in the pretty home he had secured to her and his young son. And then suddenly it strikes the girl that the sick woman may be alluding to that long sad flitting which is inevitable for us all—which for her seems painfully near—and she hardly knows what answer to make. Long before she has succeeded in framing one however, Mrs. Wentworth shows her mistake.

"Yes, to leave the Dell—to shut it up or let it for a time, and go abroad with Georgie; I have not a chance here." She seems to draw herself up with a nervous jerk as she meets the girl's inquiring eyes. "I mean that the doctors here frighten me. How can I die and leave my boy alone—so horribly alone?"

A quick shiver shakes her wasted frame, the terrible hollow cough breaks out again; and, listening and watching sadly, Kitty thinks that the journey may be taken in search of health, but is more likely to find death at its end.

"It is a wise decision, no doubt, Mrs. Wentworth," she says, with all the cheerfulness she can command. "When one is not feeling very strong, it is best not to face the rigors of an English winter. Where do you think you shall go?"

"I do not know; I have no plans—that is to say, no definite plans—as yet," the woman answers hurriedly, a hectic spot burning in the hollow of each thin cheek. "Some day perhaps I will tell you more—will write to you; but now——"

She breaks off with such a wild look of imploring appeal that Kitty hastens to relieve her from all fear of further questioning.

"Now I will worry you no more. Good-bye, Mrs. Wentworth! I am sorry that we are to lose you for a little while, but hope that the change of air and scene may do you good, and that when you come back to Conway Dell we may see more of each other, and become real friends."

Mrs. Wentworth holds the strong helpful hand held out to her, and looks with a very agony of wistful longing into the girl's face.

"Friends!" she echoes a little wildly. "How easy that is to say, and what a cruel mockery there is in the word! If I could have had one good and generous woman friend, how different my life might have been, how different my death might be!"

"Hush!" Kitty cries, paling a little, and half withdrawing her hand in instinctive shrinking from she hardly knows what. "Do not talk so wildly Mrs. Wentworth; you would almost make one think——"

"Think nothing but that I would trust any one."

"And can you not?"

"No; I must bear my burden alone. Some day, perhaps, when I am dead, you will learn its weight, and pity as much as you condemn me; for you are a good woman, Katherine Jephson, and not hard in your goodness, as some women are."

Kitty answers only by a gentle pressure of the hand that still clasps hers. Between pity and bewilderment she can find no words to say, and the other is for a little while too exhausted to speak. Presently however she resumes in her soft pleading voice.

"One claim I will make upon your friendship, though. Promise me that if, when I am dead, any trouble should come upon my boy, you will help and stand by him for my sake."

"Certainly I will." Kitty's big brown eyes grow wide with wonder even while she makes that promise. "Georgie and I are great allies already, and I would do anything gladly for the dear little fellow; but with his heirship and expectations he is hardly likely to lack friends."

Mrs. Wentworth does not heed the argument, but repeats with more strenuous eagerness—

"But you promise—and you are to keep your word—whatever happens, you will befriend Georgie?"

"I promise!"

Mrs. Wentworth draws a long breath of relief.

"If ever you know to what that promise binds you—and I pray that you never may—you will guess something of my gratitude now. Now good-bye! You have comforted and helped me beyond words, and I have only troubled and perplexed you in return."

"Never mind!" Kitty answers, trying to overcome the uncomfortable thrill that long melancholy glance sends through her frame. "We may redress the balance; you may help and comfort me when next we meet."

The woman repeats the words with dreamy and dreary emphasis, then turns to Kitty and asks a question that seems startlingly and even ludicrously irrelevant to her.

"This Lord Archdale of whom you spoke—do you like him—do you admire him? Are you and he great friends?"

"Oh pretty well!" Kitty answers, with such genuine and amused indifference that a certain sharply anxious look dies out of her companion's eyes. "That is to say, I like him pretty well, and in a sense admire him very much. He is an amusing companion, has seen so much of the world and its more distinguished people that he makes our dull home circle quite lively and bright. Yes, I decidedly admire him."

Mrs. Wentworth draws the lace shawl across her shoulders, as though she felt a sudden chill.

"And does he admire you?"

Kitty hesitates a second, colors just a little, and raises her very expressive brows in serio-comic perplexity.

"What shall I say?" she asks half plaintively. "I do not want to seem conceited, and yet, if I tell the truth, I must say I think he does. At any rate, he gives me more of his company than I care for. But he is almost an old gentleman; so, if I wish, I could hardly snub him as one would a boy; besides, he is going away soon."

Kitty is arguing much more with herself than any one else now, and does not notice the strange sombre smile that flits across her companion's face—a smile in which scorn and pain and wonder seem to blend in oddest fashion with a quick and inexpressible relief.

"Let him admire you as much as you please, dear, but neither trust nor like him overmuch," the soft voice says earnestly. "He may be clever and amusing, but he is not a good man—not honest, or upright, or in any way fit for you."

"For me?" Miss Jephson shrugs her shoulders with a gesture of intense scorn. "Lord Archdale is an agreeable acquaintance, no more. But I thought you did not know him?"

"Lord Archdale and I are strangers, but I have heard things not to his credit, and thought it only fair to set you on your guard. But forget all that I have said, or all but the two promises I have asked for and you have given."

"The promise to befriend Georgie if anything should happen to you, and any one should try to do him any wrong? Yes, I will keep that promise if its fulfilment is ever called for, which I hope and pray it never may be."

"I pray so too; but the promise gives me comfort. And for the other?"

"The other? What is that?"

"The promise to keep my secret—to speak of my voice, of my past public career to no one!"

"Certainly that promise too shall be kept, though some day, Mrs. Wentworth, I shall hope that you will tell me the whole story through."

"Some day, perhaps," Mrs. Wentworth echoes mechanically; and neither woman guesses how or when that story will be told, or what to each of them the telling and hearing it will mean.

CHAPTER VIII.

"AND you really must go to-morrow, Lord Archdale?" Mrs. Jephson inquires plaintively, as she looks across the room to the table at which Kitty sits examining an album of water-color sketches that Lord Archdale, discovering the girl's artistic taste, has had sent down from town. "How we shall miss you! It is quite a godsend to find anything like an intelligent and agreeable companion in this benighted place. What will Mr. Jephson do?"

Lord Archdale's lips are grave, though his keen eyes gleam with their accustomed satiric smile as they wander to the distant corner where his portly host has succumbed to after-dinner somnolence behind the shielding pages of the Saturday Review.

"You are too kind," he murmurs, in his low-toned high-bred voice; "but you can not regret my departure so much as I. To me it is exile from Paradise."

Mrs. Jephson listens with an envious pang, recognizing that the high-flown compliment is paid to Kitty; but she is a discreet and prudent if a vain woman, so she turns to a girl with most magnanimous grace and says in her sweetest voice—

"You hear that, Kitty? I think I must leave you to contradict that polite speech, and persuade Lord Archdale how terrible will be our loss."

Lord Archdale too turns back to her quite eagerly, a slight flush rising to his usually impassive face; but Kitty only raises her large clear eyes from the sketch before her and answers, with provoking candor and calmness—

"Indeed, we shall be very sorry, Lord Archdale, and Helen and I will miss you even more than papa—I, perhaps, most of all; for both with my music and sketching you have helped me so much. I never had a real critic before.

Lord Archdale twists one end of his long moustache into a sharper point, and bends till his head almost touches the girl's soft locks as he says, in so low a murmur that Mrs. Jephson's quick ears hardly catch the reproachful words—

"It is as a critic only that you regard and regret me, then? Miss Jephson, I had hoped for better things!"

His tone and look are so decidedly sentimental that Kitty hardly knows whether to answer indignantly or to laugh outright. As she catches her step-mother's maliciously-observant glance however she decides to do neither, but adopt a middle course.

"Oh, no! A mere critic would be less kind to my crude efforts, I fear. I must call you at least a critical friend," she says, with cheery distinctness; "only, as I have many friends and no other critic, I naturally put the more important qualification first."

"No other critic?" Lord Archdale repeats, his soft voice, his expressive eyes full of innocent surprise. "And yet you count at least one artist on the list of your friends. Have you never never had an opinion of your sketches from Oscar Clifford?"

It is a cruel cowardly stab, and one dealt with intention too. Lord Archdale admires Kitty Jephson intensely, has for her, indeed, a feeling so nearly resembling affection as any his self-willed heart can hold. To the cruel wasp-like nature it is an absolute necessity to give back stings, and so he avenges his wounded vanity amply and promptly now.

Kitty's dark eyes droop, her face glows with a deep blush, then grows pale; just for a second the pride that so seldom fails her is conquered. She sits mute and trembling, sick at heart, feeling that she presents the picture of a maiden lovesick, deserted, forlorn.

But it is only for a second that she staggers under the suddenness of the blow, only for one second that her courage fails. She laughs merrily, with not a jar in the soft musical voice, as she says—

"Oscar has seen them of course, but he was too near my own age to be reverenced as a critic, though indeed, if he were to return now, with all his artistic honors thick upon him——"

"I should have to resign my post," the man finishes quietly. "I recognize that fact with all the humility the amateur must show when he and the true professional chance to clash; but, luckily for me, Mr. Oscar Clifford is bound to Rome by a double tie."

"A double tie?" Mrs. Jephson cries, pricking up her ears at what sounds like a suggestive hint. "Does Rome hold any other attraction for Mr. Oscar Clifford than the art he vowed to live and die for?"

Lord Archdale smiles, and looked ostentatiously away from Kitty's proudly-uplifted and attentive face.

"It holds Miss Margaret Grandison, whom two continents have agreed to call beautiful, whom the whole artist clique in Rome has elected to adore, and whom Mr. Oscar Clifford has been lucky enough to win."

"Kitty, did you hear that?"

Mrs. Jephson's sallow face takes a distinctly pinky tinge, her pale blue eyes light up with pleasurable excitement. She actually forgets her picturesque lounge, and sits as upright in her chair as ever did Philistine and uncultured woman; and her tone is quite natural as she says, with evident and malicious glee—

"Kitty, is not this a startling piece of news—to you especially?"

But Kitty's pride stands her in good stead now, though naturally it does not deceive her step-mother entirely. Her voice is calm and her smile bright as she answers readily—

"To me the news is no news, Helen; Lord Archdale told me quite ten days ago."

"And you kept such a piece of information to yourself?"

Kitty smiles, and moves her shoulders in a gesture that expresses an amused scorn for Mrs. Jephson's exaggerated affectation of surprise.

"My dear Helen, I thought it interesting only to myself. You knew Mr. Clifford very slightly, could hardly have thought of him as a friend."

"Whereas you two were more than friends. When I saw you first you were quite inseparable," Helen Jephson murmurs pensively; then, turning to Lord Archdale, she adds, in one of the little gushes of confidence that some people finds so charming, "And they made such a picturesque pair! In those days my principal occupation was weaving romances in which those two played the hero's and heroine's part. You remember that summer I spent at the Elms, Kitty?"

"I remember it well," Kitty returns, with unconcealed scorn and bitterness now. She has reason to remember the time indeed—the three summer months in which she had known the crowning joy and the supreme grief of her young life—the months in which she had rejected the man she loved, for her father's sake, only to find, when her sacrifice was made and her fate irrevocably sealed, that her place in that father's house and heart was taken by her treacherous school-friend. "I remember it well, Helen; it is a time I am hardly likely to forget, for in it I lost a friend and gained—well, it is hardly the place or time to balance my gains and losses, I suppose. Lord Archdale, suppose you finish showing me those sketches now."

She speaks with an unconsciously imperious ring in her clear voice, and Lord Archdale obeys her summons with zealous haste. He has listened with interest, quickened by jealousy, to the girl's defiant speech, and watches the beautiful proud face with curiosity.

"Does she really care for that conceited coxcomb still?" he thinks angrily while he bends over her, explaining sketch after sketch in the suave voice that seems to hold no note of passion, to echo no human pain. "I cannot believe it. She is too

superb a creature to waste her life for such a fancy as that. Her pride will save her, her pride properly worked upon will make her mine."

"Lord Archdale!" Kitty's voice is full of eager startled interest now. She draws one loose sketch from the pocket of the portfolio, and alternatively stares at it and the man she addresses. "Is this a fancy sketch or—— But no, it is a portrait, I know."

Lord Archdale bends his head; he is slightly short-sighted, and does not at first see what object she holds; but, when he does, the startled look on her face is fully reflected in his own.

"That! How came that here?" he cries almost fiercely, and with a gesture as though he would take the paper from her hand; but, obeying some curious instinct, the girl holds it fast, feeling somehow as though the clue to some tragic secret were in her grasp.

"It is an old thing, a sketch I had forgotten," Lord Archdale says, with such a perceptible change of the tone that Mrs. Jephson's ready curiosity is aroused.

She rises from her chair, trails her limp draperies across the room, and, coming up to the small table, bends her blond head over Kitty's back and inspects the picture in her turn.

"You quite interest me," she begins, with her usual affectation, but starts back as her eyes fall upon the pictured face, and cries in homeliest phrase, "Dear me, Lord Archdale, do you mean to tell me that is a fancy sketch?"

She points almost indignantly to the paper, from which there stands out, clear and distinct in outline, though the colors are somewhat faint and dim with age, the figure of a young and beautiful girl, in a clinging Greek dress of purest white. The face, half turned over the slender shoulder, is a clear and delicate oval, framed in soft dusky hair, and lighted by two great gray luminous eyes.

Lord Archdale looks away from the picture, as though that curiously lifelike glance in some way angered or hurt him.

"I told you nothing, my dear lady," he says, with a faint unreal smile, "and certainly should not have told you that; the lady represented there was something of a celebrity in her day, but that day was before your time. Mr. Jephson may probably remember 'La Stella'—may even have seen her in that dress as 'Eurydice.'"

"Oh, I have seen and heard of her often! And this is she?"

Mrs. Jephson scans the picture more eagerly, and, twisting it round, her sharp eyes discover and at last with difficulty decipher some almost illegible writing on the back.

"Stella something—what is it, Kitty? V-a—oh, I see—Vance—Stella Vance! Was that her real name?"

"Possibly," Lord Archdale answers, with exaggerated carelessness. If such a course of conduct were in any way permissible or possible, he would tear the paper from the woman's hands, soundly rate her for her curiosity, and bid her trouble and cross-question him no more; but, as it is not, he can only assume an air of insolent indifference instead. "I believe it was," he says, the words dropping from his lips as though the fatigue of utterance almost exhausted him; "but really with these people one can never tell; they change their names with such facility. But of course you know nothing of the ways of their world."

"Nothing, of course," Mrs. Jephson agrees, drawing up her meagre form with much virtuous self-approval; but Lord Archdale looks away from her and straight at Kitty, whose frankly questioning glance disconcerts him even more than her step-mother's verbal queries.

"What is she thinking and suspecting now? Hang that picture! It is unlucky enough for me that I should have forgotten its very existence, only to have it turn up and confound me now! But why should it be an object of such frantic interest to them? They can never have seen Stella, and, even if they had——"

"But you are less curious than I, Lord Archdale," Helen Jephson breaks in, with an excited coquetry that seems nothing less than dreadful to the harassed and angry man, whose thoughts, have just been forcibly flung back into a stormy and not-too-pleasant past; "you have never asked why this picture of an unknown lady is so interesting to Kitty and me. You cannot know of course."

Lord Archdale subdues a strong inclination to tell her that he neither knows nor cares, but murmurs a polite platitude instead.

"But you can, Kitty; you see the likeness, saw it before I did—and it is truly striking and remarkable. Indeed, it is next door to an impossibility to believe that she did not sit for the picture."

Kitty says nothing, though she knows very well what her step-mother means, and feels absolutely certain that General Wentworth's widow and the pictured "Eurydice" are one and the same woman; but, remembering that woman's appeal for secrecy and her own promise, she resolves in no way to betray her.

"Surely you see it? Do not be so provoking, Kitty!" Mrs. Jephson repeats impatiently.

"See what? I see a very beautiful face, Helen, and Lord Archdale has told us who the original was."

"The original—yes; but it was the likeness I called your attention to, Kitty. Do you mean to tell me it was the artistic merit of that picture that arrested your attention when you first picked it up? I shall not believe you if you do. You thought it was Mrs. Wentworth taken in fancy dress."

"There is a likeness certainly," Kitty admits, surveying the sketch critically.

But her step-mother does not allow her much time for thought. She takes the picture from her again, and, holding it out at arm's-length, repeats—

"Some likeness indeed! You are really too ridiculous! I suppose I have been sketched and photographed as much as most women, but neither artist nor photographer ever produced such a striking likeness of me!"

Her voice grows quite shrill as to wake Mr. Jephson, dispel his pleasant after-dinner dreams, and rouse him rudely to a consciousness of present things.

"Bless me, I do believe I was asleep!" he cries, dropping the Saturday Review and looking round with an astonished stare. "What is disturbing all you people, pray? Helen, what have you there?"

"Look!" His wife turns with a consciousness that here is another witness who may serve her turn. "Look well at that picture, Quentin, and tell me who it is."

Obediently the man rubs his heavy eyes, adjusts his gold-rimmed glasses, and surveys the sketch, handing it back immediately with a short laugh.

"Poor old Jimmy Wentworth's widow, of course. Where is the joke or the mystery, Nell?"

Mrs. Jephson turns her large light eyes tragically round, and Kitty feels her downcast face grow as uncomfortably hot as though she had some guilty secret to conceal.

Watching her with an interest that grows every second more eager and acute, Lord Archdale feels sure that she has something to hide, and that for some unexplained and incomprehensible reason the subject is as awkward and painful for her as for himself.

"There is no joke," Mrs. Jephson answers, with much dignity; "and for the mystery, there is one, I am sure."

She glances meaningly at Lord Archdale; but he has apparently lost all interest in the subject, and, while methodically replacing the scattered sketches in his album, begs Kitty, with much pathos in his eyes and voice, to give him all his favorite songs on this his last night.

* * * * * *

Though he thus lightly dismisses the subject in the drawing-room, it follows Lord Archdale to his own chamber. He is not the debonair, smiling, suave peer of the Jephsons' knowledge, but a haggard harassed man, who throws himself angrily into an arm-chair, sits there drumming with delicately-pointed filbert nails upon the near table, and scowling fiercely at the sad sweet picture.

"Is her ghost coming back to haunt and thwart me now?" he asks himself. "It must be that if it is anything, for Stella herself is surely dead. And yet this pretty and mysterious widow, who has made so strong an impression on her neighbors' minds, who so curiously resembles my 'Eurydice,' who can she be? It is no case of twin sisters, for Stella had not a relation in the world. I cannot let the matter rest here; I must hunt her up and see for myself. I shall know no peace till I do."

It is years since he has thought more than slightly and passingly of Stella Vance; the girl whose life he blighted and whose heart he broke has long become a mere memory to him. Having once parted from her, he had not even taken the trouble to ascertain her fate. She had simply gone under, and whether the waters of oblivion only or the darker tide of death had closed over her head mattered little enough to him. True for the first few months after their separation he did have faint qualms in remembering that she still held him by a legal claim; but he soon quieted these with the reflection that she was the last person in the world to assert it. He had his pleasant club life and unexceptionable cigars, and he would not quarrel with the fate that gave him these good things.

So he has not grumbled, but accepted fate philosophically for at least ten years; but things are oddly altered, and all the old sophisms fail to console or satisfy him now. In the first place, because being now a rich man, doubly enriched by Lady Sarah Mobb's money and the lands and title of the cousins who had most obligingly died out of his way, he feels that it is due to himself to take a higher and more prominent place in the world's regard; and in the second for the reason that late in life he, the cold and selfish man of the world, has fallen in love with Kitty Jephson.

It is a selfish feeling, but it is the nearest approach to a genuine one that has ever thrilled his heart, and the man honestly believes in it as one of surpassing strength and purity. He wonders at himself for being capable of such an emotion, but never doubts that the passion that has conquered him will subdue Kitty in return.

"She does not love me yet," he tells himself, "but she will in time, and I do not doubt that she will accept me. She is not happy here, my beautiful princess-like Kitty, who is deposed and forced to take a second place, to see a poor, flimsy, affected creature, in every way her inferior, throned in her stead. No, she is not happy, though her pride bears her bravely up. She feels that artist fellow's defection, she feels deserted and lonely, and I am the only person who still clings to her, who knows and understands. Yes—she will turn to me. I can lift her over all their heads and place her on a height that will dazzle all her foes. Yes, I do not fear my fate, and to-morrow I will put it to the touch—to win or lose all."

But the purpose and the complacency have both received a rude shock, and it is a nervous shaken man who recalls both with something like a shiver of disgust, who calls up horrible possibilities and groundless fears to terrify him now.

"It cannot be, it shall not be," he cries, grinding his teeth savagely; "or, if it is—if anything so strange, so unnaturally horrible should happen now, what have I to fear? She will be as much, she will be more in my power than I am in hers; but, bah——" He starts up with an uneasy laugh, shrugging his shoulders as though he shook off some oppressive load. "I am fighting the merest shadows—my nerve fails me! Of course there was some accidental likeness over which these silly women made a fuss, as silly women will."

Again, as he utters the defiant words he sees the sad eyes of the "Eurydice," and seems to read both threat and warning in their tragic depths. Shuddering, he pushes the picture away and mutters a malediction on his own foolish fears.

"I need not despise them; I am worse than they, and Kitty, at least, is no fool! What does she know or guess? There was conscious fear in her face to-night, or I never saw the expression yet. What did it mean? Fear for herself it could not have been. For whom then? It is not possible that my worst fears are true, that she and Stella have met—that Stella has confided in her, that she knows all! No, that would be too perverse a trick for fate to play me; it would be too preposterously imbrobable and absurd! I will not conjure up any more goblins; the past is dead, and I am a free agent, a rich bachelor ready to range himself in the ranks of respectable married men. But one concession to my own weakness I will make. Before I speak to Kitty, I will manage to meet General Wentworth's widow, and set my last doubt at rest. How I shall laugh at my nervous fancies when I stand face to face with the pretty widow who bears a faint resemblance to Stella Vance!"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

When Bismarck first went to Dr. Schweninger for treatment, he grew very angry at the physician's searching questions. "I am tired of your interminable questions," he said, at last; "can't you cure your patients without so much annoyance?" "You find my questions annoying, eh?" roared the doctor, who was as fiery as the Chancellor himself; "very well, then; you may go to the doctors who treat their patients without asking them questions; you may go to the horse-doctor." But Bismarck saw the justice of the physician's stand, and they became firm friends from that time.

Bric-a-Brac.

COW MONEY.—The Chewsures in the Government of Tiflis, according to a publication of the Imperial Geographical Society of Russia, constitute a race of 7000 people, who know nothing about money, their unit of value being a cow. A horse, for instance, is valued at three cows. Injuries to a neighbor's person are requited by paying over so many cows, and there are no speculators to bull the market.

THE LOBSTER.—The lobster is greatly in dread of thunder, and when the peals are very loud numbers of them drop their claws and swim away for deeper water. Any great fright may also induce them to drop their claws. But new claws begin at once to grow, and in a short time are as large as the old ones, and covered with hard shells. The lobster often drops its shell, when it hides until the new shell is hard enough to protect it.

THE MARINES.—There are actually horse marines in the service of the United States, but these are merely those officers who are entitled by rank to ride. If they go on shipboard they do not take their horses with them. Majors, Lieutenant Colonels and Colonels in the corps have horses. It is a matter of history that a woman named Hannah Snell fought for a long time in the ranks of the Royal British Marines. She was wounded twelve times in various actions, and was finally discharged honorably, her sex being undiscovered. Marines are a very ancient institution. Such sea soldiers were regularly employed on war ships by the Greeks and Phœnicians five centuries before Christ. They did the fighting while the sailors managed the vessels.

WAGES IN CHINA.—The wages paid to the laborers are about 6d. per diem, with rations. The workers are easily contented, demanding only the plainest of food, while for housing they are satisfied in winter to creep all together under a low mat shed with a solid back to the north wind. The severity of the weather, however, usually stops all such work before Christmas. What the men do when they retire to winter quarters I cannot tell; but Chinamen have a curious hibernating faculty whereby by abstaining from muscular exertion they are able to economize considerably in their eating. In times of scarcity, when wages fall below a certain range, poor people sometimes choose not to work, because they consider that they would have to take more food to repair the waste than the work done would produce.

AVENGED BY HIS FOES.—Meinrad, a famous Swiss saint, who flourished in the ninth century, led a hermit's life in a cell at Einsiedeln, where he was often visited for advice and help. The companions of his solitude were two tame ravens, to which he was much attached. In the year 861 the saint was murdered in his cell by some men inspired by greed of gold, which they supposed the poor man to possess. After the foul deed they fled towards Zurich, whither they were followed by the two ravens. There certain pilgrims identified the birds, and inquiries having been made at once, the murderers were arrested and punished. The saint's cell remained untenanted for nearly fifty years, but was rebuilt of stone about a century afterwards, and some two hundred years later the great convent of Einsiedeln, still the richest and most frequented in Switzerland, arose on the spot where the lonely preacher was slain.

TRIAL BY THE ORDEAL.—Of all Central African customs trial by ordeal, which is universal, is that which is most revolting to a European brought for the first time into contact with savage life. When a man is accused of any crime, as theft, arson, murder, witchcraft or the like, evidence is brought against him in the way common throughout the whole continent. This, however, is never final. The accuser's witnesses swear to anything required of them without the slightest compunction of conscience, and, as the prosecutor must produce his evidence first, the defendant's witnesses are ready to swear, and do swear, the opposite of all that has been said. Trial is invariably in open Court, and nothing said by the witnesses for the prosecution can be concealed from those that are to follow. There are no affidavits, thus making contradiction at once simple and safe. If rebutting evidence were allowed, the most paltry trial would be interminable. For a witness to be called a liar is, in such a case, a compliment. It proves that his evidence told, and that he, by inference, is a very clever fellow.

BLIGHT.

BY W. W. LORD.

Out there in the wood a bird sang low,
A melody sweet and clear,
And the roses wafted incense breath,
For summer lay on the year.

The tender, touching melody
Made joy in my heart that day;
But a wind 'rose up in stormy power,
And carried the song away.

My lady sang me a tender song,
As we strolled thro' the pathless wood,
And the harmony sweetness of its notes
In my heart was understood.

Out of the beauty and bloom there came
A shadow that overcast
The radiant light of the summer sun,
And all that I have is the past.

LED ON BY FATE.

BY T. R. S.

CHAPTER V.

ARABELLA was sitting alone; her cheeks were flushed, and a beam of inexpressible happiness, such as she had not felt for many a day, lighted her beautiful eyes. He was coming home, was already in England, and she should see him, should be clasped in his arms and pressed to his bosom. There could be no opposition to their marriage now; and her thoughts were full of sweet visions, the chief figure in which was her sailor lover. So intensely was she engaged with her own thoughts, that she did not hear the footman announce "Lieutenant Wallis."

Frank advanced, unheard, through the double drawing-room, and was almost close to her before she saw him. Then, with a joyous cry, she sprang towards him, and was clasped in his arms, and her lips were smothered with kisses.

"Oh, Frank, where did you come from? I think you must have dropped through the ceiling."

"No, dear; I came in by the door, in the usual orthodox way. But you were so lost in thought you did not hear James announce me."

"I was thinking of you, dear," she said shyly, as she nestled close to his side; "but I did not imagine you had arrived. What train did you come by?"

"I arrived last night by the last train."

"I'm so glad you are come. We are going away in about a fortnight."

"Going away! What for?" he asked.

"Oh, it's a whim of my uncle's. He says there is no need to keep up both establishments, and so I am to live with him till I am married. So we are going to let this and go to his place in Devonshire."

"Does he know of our engagement?"

"No; but now that you are here to help me, I shall tell him at one."

"Will he make any objection?"

"I don't know. Why should he?"

"Trustees and guardians are sometimes awkward people to deal with. What sort of a man is he?"

"Oh, he seems a kind-hearted sort of man, and, with the exception of letting the house, allows me to do pretty much as I like."

For a time they sat in silence, a silence both sweet and eloquent, interrupted at times by words of love and tenderness. The picture, as they thus sat, now and again conversing in low soft tones, was a pleasant one. Frank Wallis was a handsome, manly fellow, tall, and stout withal; and, if the calm, resolute eye meant anything, had the courage and daring of a lion. And Arabella, she had never looked more radiantly beautiful. The time they had been separated had developed, in a womanly way, the graces Frank had seen opening in the girl. The liquid softness of her dark blue eyes, with their long silken lashes, was the same; but the figure, always graceful, had grown more so; the expression of the beautiful mouth had become more firm.

This happy meeting was interrupted by the appearance of Miss Mortimer, from whom Frank received a most cordial welcome.

"And what are they going to do with you, my dear lady?" he asked.

"Not anything. What I shall do with myself I've not decided, except that I shall not live with Major Bowyer," she said rather curtly.

"He is no favorite of yours, I presume, then?" said Frank.

"No; he's a tyrant; and I shall never forgive his conduct to my poor sister."

"Tyrant! Oh, aunty!" cried Arabella, "surely that is rather a harsh judgment. I've seen nothing tyrannical about him."

"Not yet, my dear; but if you attempt to thwart him, well, then, you'll see!

"Do you think he will be kind to my dear Bella?" Frank added.

"Yes, certainly, all the while she does as he tells her."

"Don't worry about me, dear," she said; "I'm not afraid of him; besides, he may have improved with age, like old port—grown mellow, you know."

"Well, my child, we shall see," she replied; and that ended the conversation, and Frank took his leave.

That same evening, the moment Major Bowyer entered the house, Arabella pounced upon him, crying exultantly: "Frank has arrived, and he has been to see me!"

"And who is Frank, my dear?" he asked coolly.

"Why, Mr. Wallis! Don't you know; don't you understand?"

"No; that I do not. I have not the pleasure of knowing the gentleman."

"How stupid you are! Don't you know he's my sweetheart—the man that I am going to marry!"

The Major gave a start. "The man you are going to marry!" he exclaimed. "What nonsense is this?"

"It's not nonsense, uncle," she replied in an offended tone. "I've been engaged more than twelve months."

"And pray, who and what is this Mr. Wallis?"

"He's a Lieutenant in the navy."

"A Lieutenant in the navy!" he exclaimed with a sneer. "My dear child, I cannot think of allowing you to throw away yourself on a man in such a position."

"But I'm engaged, and I love him!"

"Then the engagement must be broken off!"

"No, indeed; that it never shall!"

"Yes, it must! I shall do it myself, if you do not."

"You can't!" she flashed. "Nobody can put an end to it but myself; and as to your speaking to Frank, it's useless; he would not listen to you."

"Well, well," he said in a conciliatory tone; "we will talk about this another time."

"I'm afraid I shall have some trouble with this girl," he mused, as he went upstairs to his room. "A Lieutenant in the navy!" he exclaimed mockingly; "and she will have an income of more than ten thousand a year! No, no; it is Lady Cransford you will have to be, unless I am much mistaken, Miss Arabella. You will find me a very different person to deal with than your good-natured old father. Still, it's a most unexpected and unfortunate contretemps. I must get her away from this place as soon as I can."

When the Major was gone, Arabella sat down to think. She felt there was some trouble in store for her. She did not like her uncle's tone and manner. It was quite evident that he was not favorable to such an alliance as she contemplated. He had spoken contemptuously of Frank as a Lieutenant in the navy. But then a Lieutenant might become a Captain, and a Captain might become an Admiral. She was quite sure that her Frank ought to be an Admiral now, if he had what he deserved. But why did Major Bowyer sneer at a Lieutenant in the navy? He was a Major now; but he must have been a Lieutenant once, and the navy was as good as the army any day—at least in her estimation.

"Throw herself away on a man in such a position!" That was what he said. What did he expect her to do? Marry a lord? Well, she did not know much about lords; and as to being a Lady, she did not care a fig for it. No, no; Frank was a dear good fellow, and come what might, she would never marry any one but him.

CHAPTER VI.

SOME weeks have elapsed since the events related in the last chapter occurred, and the time for Arabella's departure was at hand. Everything had been arranged. Miss Mortimer, kind good soul that she is, had taken her departure, she having gone to reside with a lady at Eastbourne. Netley Lodge is let, and the incoming tenant is expected to take possession in a few days.

The Misses Scudamore and the rest of the gossips were in a state of anxiety to discover who the newcomers were and what Major Bowyer had to say to Arabella's engagement. With regard to the first, Arabella either would not or could not, at anyrate she did not choose to gratify their curiosity; and as to the latter, when Miss Nugent ventured to hint at her anxiety on this point, she got such a rebuff that no one else had ventured to seek for further information.

The lovers looked forward to the separation with something like dismay. Up to this point, her guardian had placed no obstacle in the way of their meeting. He did not want a scene; he saw that Arabella was a girl to be led, not driven, and he therefore determined to bide his time.

As the day drew near for their departure, the Major opened the ball by suggesting that before proceeding to Devonshire they should break the journey by a short stay in London, so as to give Arabella an opportunity of seeing something of London and London life. But Bella refused the offer point-blank. She did not feel, suffering as she was from the recent loss of her kind father, equal to entering into London society, and preferred, if her uncle did not object, to defer her visit to a more convenient season.

"Of course, if you prefer it, my dear, we will go right through; but I should like to have been able to introduce you to my friend, Lord Cransford."

"Who is Lord Cransford?" asked Bella. "I never heard you mention him before."

"Perhaps not. He is quite a young man; but he is very nice, and is a dear friend of mine, and I should like you to know him."

"My acquaintance with lords and members of the aristocracy is not very extensive," replied Bella gravely; "but as far as it has gone, I don't think they possess a very high order of intellect; and were rather proud and stuck up. Of course, as I was an heiress, they were very civil and condescending to me, and one or two had the temerity to ask me to marry them; but I very soon gave them their conge. I could never stoop so low as to marry a man for his title; and as far as my experience goes, that was the only recommendation they possessed."

The Major smiled sarcastically, saying: "Your experience must be either very limited, or your introducers unfortunate. But, my dear Bella, is it possible—do I understand you aright—that you had offers of marriage from members of the aristocracy, and refused them?"

"Certainly. Do you think I would marry a man simply because he was a lord?"

"I suppose not. But what did your father say to this?"

"Oh, pappy! poor old dear, he only laughed, and said I was a strange little girl; but that, as he did not want to get rid of me, it was all right."

"But surely, child," insinuated the Major, "it was rather thoughtless of you to throw such a chance away."

"Not at all. Why, my Frank is worth half-a-dozen of such nincompoops!"

"I wish you would not talk about Mr. Wallis in that way," he said testily; "I strongly object to it."

"Oh, I can't help that; you will have to get over it. He is my Frank, you know; and he says he never was in love till he saw me!"

"My dear girl, this is all childish nonsense! You are too young to marry, and too inexperienced to know what is good for you. You must remember that you are my ward, and that it is your duty to obey me."

"Yes, I know all about that. I'm quite willing to obey you; but you must not try to thwart me. Papa never did, and I know if you were to try, I should rebel at once."

For a few minutes there was silence in the room. Then Bella asked:

"What sort of a man is this Lord Cransford?"

"Young, and very handsome."

"Yes, yes; I know all about that. He's got a head, of course; but is there anything in it?"

"Well, I should say there was—he knows a thing or two."

"That is, I suppose, he can play at poker, ecarte, and billiards?"

"Yes, most probably; and lawn-tennis and cricket."

"Quite an accomplished gentleman, I suppose. Can he dance?"

"Yes, he is a splendid waltzer," replied the Major.

"Ah!" she mused, "does he ever read?"

"Yes; he's a great reader, especially of newspapers; he takes in Bell's Life and the Era."

"A sportsman and a patron of the drama. Ever do anything in the way of amateur theatricals?"

"No; I think not."

"Ah! that's a pity. Where does he live?"

"He has chambers in the Albany."

"Yes, yes; but his country seats?"

"Well, you see, he is the nephew of the Duke of Falmouth, and he does not come into his estates till his uncle's death."

"Are they poor?"

"No; the Duke's estates are very large."

"That goes for nothing; they may be mortgaged up to the hilt, as papa used to say."

"I know nothing about that," replied Major Bowyer. "I never inquire into the private affairs of my friends."

At this moment the door opened, and James announced: "A man from Mr. Blackburn to see you, sir."

"All right, James; I'll be with him immediately."

The Major left the room, and almost at the same moment the bell rang again, and Lieutenant Wallis was announced.

"Oh, Frank!" cried Bella, rushing forward and putting her arms round his neck, "I'm so glad you have come. I want to talk to you. I'll fetch my hat and cloak, and we'll go out into the garden. You don't object, do you, dear?"

"No, my sweet Bella," he replied, still holding the hand she had placed in his. "Let us go at once."

So Bella ran for her hat and cloak, and they went out into the shrubbery. As soon as they were clear of the house, Bella commenced—

"I think uncle's let the cat out of the bag at last, Frank. I told you I knew he'd got some scheme in his head to make me a lord's wife; and now it's come out. I'm to be Lady Cransford!"

"Lady Cransford!" he iterated.

"Yes; I'm to marry Lord Cransford."

"Lord Cransford!" he repeated. "Is it possible your uncle could be so base?"

"Base! Why, what's the matter with Lord Cransford?"

"He's a man no respectable girl ought to associate with. He's a roue, a gambler, and a blackleg; in short, a thorough blackguard!"

"Good gracious!" exclaimed Arabella. "Why, my uncle speaks so highly of him. 'An accomplished gentleman' was the phrase he used."

"Yes; that's quite true in a certain sense. He is handsome, tall; with elegant manners, and a soft melodious voice; but if he possesses any heart at all, it must be a black one. I should say there are few crimes, short of murder, that he has not committed."

"How came you to know so much about him?"

"He is my cousin."

"Frank!" she exclaimed incredulously, "is it possible? You cousin to a lord?"

"Yes, dearest; only, as we were poor, my mother dropped her title, and thinks it best not to talk about our rich and titled relations. But now, dear, I must get you to keep this a secret. My mother would be greatly annoyed if it was known in Nunsford."

"You may depend on me, dear; wild horses should not drag the secret from me," replied Arabella.

"I trust you implicitly, darling," he said softly; and then, after a pause, "I don't like the outlook; I'm afraid you will have a hard battle to fight."

"I know that, dear. I know now that my uncle will do all he can to prevent our marriage; but we must trust in God's good providence to help us."

"Yes, darling; and I think He will," responded Frank. "If anything was to happen to separate us, I don't think I could exist."

"Nothing but death shall, dear!" she replied earnestly. "I don't expect the next two years will be very happy ones for me; but we must hope for the best."

CHAPTER VII.

WINTER had come and gone, and spring was verging into summer. There was music in the air, the hum of bees, and the joyous song of the lark; and loveliness was spread over the earth like a mantle.

Arabella, in her little cosy boudoir, sits gazing out at the beautiful Devonshire landscape which spreads itself before her. All Nature was rejoicing; but the beauty of the scene and the melodious harmony of the bees and birds brought no joy to her heart. She was sad and lonely, everything was so different now from what it was when her dear father was alive. Major Bowyer was polite and amiable or rather tried to appear so; but Arabella knew full knew that it was a mere cloak to cover some more important and ulterior design. She had many causes of anxiety, but the chief one was that for some weeks past she had received no letter from Frank. He had got his promotion, and

had joined his ship in the Mediterranean. He had promised to write immediately he reached Malta; but no letters had arrived. The question she was now debating was, had Frank really not written, or had his letters been intercepted? Another source of annoyance was that her uncle's visitors were mostly of the masculine gender; and the neighboring gentry, especially of the softer sex, seemed to give her and Clumber Park as wide a berth as possible.

How she longed to get back to Nunsford: how she pined for a sight of good Miss Puddicombe and gentle Mrs. Wallis! Even the Misses Scudamore would have been a welcome interruption to the monotony of Clumber Park.

A much more lively and very different scene was taking place in the Major's study.

"It's no use, my friend," said Lord Cransford; "the girl's as obstinate as a mule; and, unless you can speedily alter the state of things, I shall cut the business, and you'll have to get another customer for your heiress."

"Hush! hush!" said the Major softly; "if any one was to hear you!"

"What do I care if they did!"

"That's true enough; but I do. You are too hasty, my friend, as you will see. You are not going about the business in the right way."

"Now, that's just like you, Bowyer, trying to throw the blame on my shoulders," exclaimed Lord Cransford. "You have deceived me, and so had she. I thought the whole thing was settled, or at least understood, and that all I had to do was to go in and win; and now she laughs at me, and refuses me point-blank."

"You are too hasty, my friend," said the Major. "You have not had so much experience of the sex as I have. You expected that she would leap into your arms and weep tears of joy and exultation. But that's not the way with young ladies of the present day."

"It's all very well to talk in that way," replied Lord Cransford; "but I believe she means what she says, and that, unless you can put the screw on the game is all up!"

"Well, then, my friend," said the Major coolly, "we shall put the screw on, and if necessary, pretty sharply; but I don't think it will be necessary. This is only a bit of romantic affection. I'll have a talk with her in the morning, and I pledge you my honor that to-morrow you will meet with a very different reception."

The following morning, shortly after breakfast, Arabella received a peremptory message from Major Bowyer to say he wanted her in his study immediately.

"Tell Major Bowyer I will be with him in half-an-hour," she replied. "I'm busy now;" and the servant departed.

"Don't you think you had better go as soon as you can?" suggested Mrs. Manser. "He was as cross as two sticks at breakfast, and a little compliance would mollify him."

"But I don't want to; I want to make him in a rage. I'm going to be as cool as a cucumber; and the angry, he is, the more advantage I shall have over him."

At this moment Thomas re-entered the room. "If you please, miss," he said, "master says he can't wait, and he desires me to say that you must come at once."

"Oh, that's all nonsense!" replied Arabella.

"Yes, miss, I daresay it is; but I can't go and tell master that,"

"No, Thomas; of course you can't," replied Arabella with a pleasant smile. "You can, however, give my compliments to Major Bowyer, and say that, as I find it impossible to be in two places at once, and as I have some letters to write, I see no other alternative but that I should defer my interview with him till a more convenient season."

Thomas bowed, and was about to depart, when Arabella continued: "Don't bring me any more messages, because you interrupted me, and I want to send off my letters by the next post."

With a broad grin on his usually stolid countenance, the footman proceeded to the study and delivered his message verbatim, and was thereupon told to pay a visit to his satanic majesty, to which Thomas replied, "Yessur," and retired.

Major Bowyer was a man who usually had his temper well under command; but this defiance of his authority was almost more than he could bear; and he walked up and down the study grinding his teeth and vowing vengeance against his ward, and muttering incoherent ejaculations, of which only a portion was intelligible, such as "Cursed impertinence!" "Impudent young hussy!" "Wants to ride her high-horse, hey? Well, mind you don't come a cropper;" and so forth.

At the end of half an hour Arabella made her appearance, and her smiling face and laughing eyes formed a strong contrast to the scowling brows and angry face of her uncle.

"I'm so sorry I could not come before, my dear uncle," she said blandly; "but you see you choose such inconvenient times for your interviews.—And now, what is it you have to say?" and she laughed a little irritating laugh.

"I must beg of you to be more serious, Miss Alsworth," said the Major excitedly, "for what I have to say affects your future happiness as well as mine.—Take a seat;" and he motioned her to a chair. "Lord Cransford has made you an offer of marriage. Such an alliance would be advantageous to both you and me in every way. I would give you a title and the entree into society; and as to me, well my interest in the matter is small. I have considered the whole matter temperatory and calmly, and have formed my resolution simply under a consideration of your happiness and welfare, which, as your guardian and trustee, I think it my duty to take. I have come to this conclusion after full and calm to reflection, and not all the tears and prayers in the world shall move me. I know it is for your good; I know it is my duty to be determined—and I am determined. You must marry Lord Cransford!" He kept his eyes steadily fixed on her face as he said this; he seemed to have imagined that this declaration would have been followed by prayers, tears, or declamation; but Arabella was perfectly silent. She was a little pale—that was all the emotion she displayed.

"I am prepared," he went on, "to be accused of the most unparalleled cruelty in thus forcing your inclination and using the power I possess in obliging you to accept this proposal, which the whole world will consider, in your situation, a most fortunate one; and I should despise myself if, in a moment of weakness, I held out any alternative which might lead you to hesitate as to the acceptance of it."

"Hesitate!" she cried in mocking tones, as she rose up and faced him. "No; I shall not hesitate for a moment. I distinctly and absolutely refuse Lord Cransford's offer of marriage. I should despise myself if I for one moment hesitated to give up the man I love for such a creature as he is!"

For a moment or two the Major stared at her as one petrified. Was this chit of a girl to set him at defiance? He sat fixed in his chair. His amazement was so great he could hardly realize the situation. He had pictured her throwing herself at his feet and weeping and beseeching him to spare her; and instead, she was standing before him defying him to his face.

"Have you anything more to say?" she asked.

"Only that you shall marry Lord Cransford!" he repeated.

"I will not!" she answered firmly; "no earthly power shall make me!"

"You may struggle," he said harshly; "but you will find it is vain to resist. Go to your room, and don't leave it till I send for you."

"Go to my room! What for?"

"Because I command you to do so."

"But suppose I refuse. What then?"

He rose up and assumed a menacing attitude, and roared:

"Leave the room, girl!"

"We are not in Turkey," she said calmly, "and you are not the Great Mogul."

"Will you leave the room!" he exclaimed, advancing towards her. "I am your guardian, and I command you to retire to your room."

"Don't be silly; I shall not leave the room till I choose," she exclaimed with a laugh. "If you want me to go, you must speak more politely. You should say: 'My dear niece, you have upset my beautiful little matrimonial scheme, and I am in a most disagreeable humor; will you kindly leave the room, and not make your appearance again till I send for you?'"

Major Bowyer retreated to his chair, and sat and scowled at her.

"Won't you say it?" she asked quietly.

Not a word came from the Major's lips, but he sat biting them them savagely.

"Well, if that will not suit you, I'll try you on the other tack. Command me to sit down, and not leave the room on peril of your displeasure, and I will at once relieve you of my presence."

There was a pause, and then she continued: "You are hard to please. Won't either of these courses suit you? Well, then, I'll go; not to please you, but myself;" and she walked calmly across the floor and closed the door quietly after her.

Major Bowyer sat silently pondering over this strange and unexpected termination of the interview with his ward, for which he had so sedulously prepared himself. What was he to do now? was the question he asked himself, but was unable to answer.

Meantime, Arabella had flown up-stairs to her room, and closed and locked the door, and sat down to think. Thus far, the victory had been on her side; she had repulsed the enemy; but would he not return to the attack? There was one thing she was glad of, and that was that her uncle had shown his hand: he intended, if he could, to force her to marry Lord Cransford. She knew nothing about the law, and she wondered if he had the power to compel her to marry whether she would or not. She was only a weak girl; she was alone and almost friendless; but her heart was strong and her spirit unbroken. No law, no compulsion should compel her to go to the altar and bind herself to a man like Lord Cransford.

CHAPTER VIII.

TWO days had passed, but nothing fresh occurred to excite further alarm or suspicion in the mind of Arabella Alsworth. Lord Cransford still remained a guest at the Hall, and was unusually kind and amiable in his manner to her. Major Bowyer, on the contrary, preserved an appearance of indifference, almost of contempt, which ill concealed the rage that filled his mind and heart.

On the third day, shortly after breakfast, Thomas, the footman, knocked at the door of Arabella's sitting-room and asked if he could speak to her, and being told to come in, he entered cautiously and closed the door.

"What is it, Thomas?" she asked.

"Are you quite alone, miss?"

"Yes, quite alone."

"Excuse me, miss, but did you get a letter this morning?"

"No. Why do you ask?"

"You won't let master know that I told you—will you, miss?"

"No; you may depend on my secrecy."

"There was one for you, miss; I saw it on the Major's desk. I thought you wouldn't get it, from what I overheard. It's a plot, miss, against you: you are to be carried off and compromised—that's what they said."

"Who said so?"

"Lord Cransford and master. They talked about post-horses and chloroform."

"How came you to hear all this?" asked Arabella.

The man hung his head and grew quite red in the face. "I heard your name, miss, and I couldn't help it—I listened."

"Very wrong, I know, Thomas; but very fortunate for me.—Thank you very much. This information is most valuable. It is very kind of you, and I shall not forget it."

"Just one word more, miss. If you've any secrets, don't trust 'em to Mrs. Manser; she's in the plot."

When the man was gone, Arabella sat down to think. It was, then, as she had suspected—her letters had been intercepted. Fortunately for her, her suspicion had been so far aroused that she had herself posted the last letter she had written to Frank. This annoyed and vexed her beyond measure, for she had very little doubt not only that her letters had been intercepted but that they also had been read. That was, however, of small moment. The idea of being compelled to marry Lord Cransford was most repugnant to her, and it was now evident that, by fair means or foul, her uncle intended she should be Lord Cransford's bride; and, if no other means would serve their purpose, her reputation was to be tarnished. She could hardly realize that men could be such monsters; but at any-rate she must meet plot by plot. She was not safe under her uncle's roof. If she staid any longer at Clumber Park, she felt sure her doom was fixed. She must either flee or tamely submit. She resolved on the former, whatever might be the consequence, and now thought of nothing but how this could be accomplished.

She was not long in deciding on the course she would take; she had plenty of money, for the greater portion of her quarter's allowance was still in hand; and she had a goodly number of jewels, many of which were valuable. When all in the house were asleep, she would steal down-stairs and make her escape. She would make her way to London, take some cheap lodgings in one of the outskirts, and wait till she was of age. If her funds did not last, she would apply to Mr. Ainsley; she felt sure he would assist her. Indeed, if she did not change her mind, she had half decided she would go to him at once and seek his advice. At anyrate, rather than return to her guardian's protection, she would work for her living—do anything, rather than be tied to such a man as Lord Cransford.

She the day passed; and a little after midnight Arabella, dressed very plainly, opened the chamber door, and listened. All was silent. She took up her bag and umbrella and advanced to the top of the stairs, and again listened. All silent. She passed softly down the carpeted stairs, and, approaching the door, was endeavoring to lift the great bar which secured the entrance, when she was startled by the sound of voices in angry altercation, and she paused, letting the bar drop softly back into its place. The next instant the study door was flung violently open, and Lord Cransford came out, cursing loudly, and vowing that Major Bowyer was a cheat. For a moment Arabella was so paralyzed with fright that she could not move. The light from the study fell full upon her, and she expected every moment to be discovered and dragged into the study and an explanation demanded.

It soon became evident that the two men were in an advanced state of inebriation; and the language used by Lord Cransford was of such a character that her soul revolted at it; but what roused her indignation most was to think that her uncle wanted to marry her to such a man. The thought made her shiver.

After a good deal of remonstrance and persuasion Lord Cransford was induced to return to the study; the door was closed, and all was once more quiet.

"What should she do now?" was the question Arabella asked herself. "Should she unbar the door and make a dash for liberty? Or should she return to her room and wait a more favorable opportunity?"

She chose the former, and again essayed to lift the weighty bar—this time successfully. The key was turned; the latch was lifted; the door swung open; there was a strong rush of air and then the report of a door closing. Arabella was startled; but she had sufficient presence of mind to shut the Hall door quickly, yet quietly, and hurry off down the avenue leading to the lodge. She hastened on till she reached the gates, and, to her great disappointment found them locked. This, to a girl of Arabella's temperament, was not an insuperable obstacle. She was strong and agile: and finding a place in the wall where she could reach the top, she drew herself up, dropping softly on the other side. She paused for an instant to listen: not a sound could be heard but the roaring of the wind. Thus far all had gone well; and she started to walk along a country lane leading to a distant village.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

BE HAPPY AS YOU ARE.—Wife and mother, are you tired and out of patience with your husband's and your children's demands upon your time and attention? Are you tempted to speak out angry feelings to that faithful but perhaps sometimes heedless or exacting husband of yours? or to scold and fret at those sweet and beautiful ones?

Do you groan and say, "What a fool I was to marry, leave my father's house, where I lived at ease and in comfort?" Are you, by reason of care and weariness of body which wifehood and motherhood must bring, forgetful of, and ungrateful for, their comforts and their joys?

Oh! wife and mother, what if a stroke should smite your husband and lay him low! What if your children should be snatched from your arms and from your bosom! What if there were no true strong heart for you to lean upon! What if there were no soft little innocents to nestle in your arms, and to love you or receive your love!

How would it be with you then? Be patient and kind, dear wife; be unwearying and long-suffering, dear mother; for you know not how long you may have with you your best and dearest treasures—you know not how long you may tarry with them.

Let there be nothing for you to remember which will wring your heart with remorse if they leave you alone; let there be nothing for them to remember but sweetness and love unutterable, if you are called to leave them by the way. Be patient, be pitiful, be tender to them all, for death will step sooner or later between them and you. And oh! what would you do if you should be doomed to sit solitary and forsaken through years and years? Be happy as you are, even with all your trials; for, believe it, wife of a loving and true husband, there is no lot in life so blessed as your own.

YOU KNOW THE PLACE.

BY CECIL LORRAINE.

You know the place, dear heart, the roses bow
Their dewy heads in fragrance to the earth,
And every flower on which the sunshine smiles
Seems here to blossom into fairer birth.
I love the spot; 'twas here I met you first,
'Twas here you stole the heart from out my breast.
Oh! sweetest thief, you reck'd not what you did,
Or how you robbed my life of all its rest!

Ah! if the present with its freight of joy
Could be our own for ever, and no hand
Lay bare the thorns that hide amongst the flow'rs,
As we go wandering thro' Love's fair land.
Ah! well, dear heart, the present still is ours.
I wait to see the glories of your face,
The roses whisper thro' their blushes warm,
"She comes, impatient one, she knows the place."

"My Pre-emption."

BY A. W. S.

"WILL you be afraid to do it?" asked my brother doubtfully.

Now, as a matter of fact, I was afraid—horribly afraid; but, equally as a matter of fact, I was not going to say so, and fervently declared over and over again that there was nothing I desired so much in the world as to go and "pre-empt" on the hundred and sixty acres of creek land that bordered our ranch.

As it was, the two boys had taken up all the land they were entitled to—had pre-empted, homesteaded, and taken up a timber-claim. But this hundred and sixty acres still remained—a sort of Naboth's vineyard—just at the end of the ranch. All our ready money was gone in the improvements we were obliged to make, and we could only just command the dollar and a quarter an acre required for pre-empting. But the question was, who could pre-empt?

The land hunger was strong upon us all. It seemed a thousand pities that, lying next to the ranch as it did, this piece of land on Cherry Creek should belong to any one else. In fact, it became a sort of *ever-present nightmare*.

Nowhere, would the boys declare, could such alfalfa be grown fit to cut twice, nay, three times a year; nowhere could a finer corn patch be planted; nowhere was better irrigation to be had.

All the evening they had been talking of ways and means without ceasing. And only that morning, as I drove into the town with the cream, had I heard one of them say, as they watched me safely across the Santa Fe track:

"If only we could pre-empt over again," to which the other, being a fellow with a great faculty for silence, laconically replied:

"You bet!"

In the creamery I met some friends, and one of the girls began talking of her pre-emption, and then, turning to me, asked if I had concluded to take up land, and in answer to my question:

"Can girls pre-empt?" they all burst out laughing.

"Bakes alive! of course they do. Why Maisie here and your friend Ella both pre-empted when they were twenty-one, and I guess you are that."

"But—but," I faltered, "you have to live on your land for six months, build a shanty, dig a well, and do fencing; how can a girl do all that?"

However, they one and all declared it was easily done, done every day; as for the loneliness, one need only sleep there, and spend the day where one pleased, adding:

"Land sakes, you English girls are so fearsome. Who would harm a woman alone on the prairie?"

This was kindly and indulgently said; but, somehow, I did not like to hear it. What an American girl could do an English one might find courage for, I thought, and—the boys did want the land so. The end of it all was that in half an hour I was walking out of Burt Harris' office, having enrolled myself as an American citizen, and taken up my hundred and sixty acres, Judge Craig, as I paid over the necessary fees, saying:

"I con-gratulate you, ma'am, on being a citizen of this free and enlightened country, an' I du allow," he kindly added, for we were great friends, "that this Republic is to be con-gratulated as well."

So I drove home, my pre-emption deed in my pocket, looking around me with eyes on the cultivated land as I passed it. That was a fine field of alfalfa, certainly; but the boys had said that the best alfalfa about could be grown on my pre-emption.

All that afternoon I said nothing, in fact I had no one to speak to till we meet again at supper-time, half-past six; and when that was over and the boys had lit up, I took out the deed and laid it on the table. It was after he had read it that my brother asked if "I was not afraid?" and I had answered in the negative with a high-handed assurance I was far from feeling. For the glamor of the land which had been strong upon me all the afternoon, was departing with the sun, and I was only feeling how dark and lonely it would be far out on the prairie, with not a human being within call for many a long mile.

But it was my own doing, and I had burnt my ships behind me, knowing well as I did that the boys could not be with me, but must stay at home with the animals. It would be well enough during the greater part of the day, for they promised to come over each afternoon and have supper with me, and although I knew this would entail extra work upon them, I am afraid I was selfish enough to accept their offer.

"And I tell you what it is," said my eldest brother, who had been silently smoking for the best part of the time, "you shall have Rorie and the cart all to yourself, and then you can ride or drive home whenever you want to."

This, I felt, was a great concession. Rorie, of course, was mine, but to be allowed the cart as well, and the boys to be content to drive into town on the buckboard! We all had our own horses, but the dog-cart—no buggy, if you please—was joint property, and my horse, who was a broncho, had been trained to draw it.

I did feel pleased, for the two things I liked the best in our rough-and-tumble life out west, were Rorie and the baking. Washing tired me frightfully, so did sweeping, but the cooking I liked, and the sight of the sweet crusty brown loaves coming out of the oven was a real pleasure to me.

And as for Rorie, when once I was on his back, I was in possession of a new sense, and all the minor worries of the day were things of the past, as we "loped" happily along together. He was such a clever horse, too, could turn on a sixpence as the saying was, e.ter a cow brute; never trod by any chance on the prickly cactus, which almost carpeted the ground in parts; never wanted to be led to a bluff or fence for mounting, but would let me get off the ground on to his back.

So it came to pass that one fine day the beginning of May found us progressing in the wagon towards the land I had taken up. The boys had already built a one-room frame shanty for me, and a stable for Rorie; the doors and windows for the same, which you buy ready made, were piled in the wagon, together with the stove, bedstead—or rather springs and bedding—the cooking utensils, consisting of a kettle, frying-pan, and saucepan, crockery of various kinds, and table, and two chairs, knives, forks, etc., a ham, a bag of flour, and another of potatoes, besides eggs and canned meats and fruits. We started directly after our twelve o'clock dinner, and came in sight of our destination about three.

The tiny shanty looked fearfully lonesome with no window or door, set down by itself in the middle of the wilderness; but the creek at a little distance behind it seemed home-like, at least so I thought, little guessing the trick the same creek was about to play me shortly.

In less than no time, for so it seemed to me, the boys had the doors and windows in, the stove fixed up, and the kettle boiling for tea, or rather supper. There was no biscuit to make, for I had baked a big batch of bread only that morning, and brought a couple of loaves along with me. The coffee was soon made; the cow—for I was to have a cow—milked, and we had supper ready: cold beef, cucumber, potatoes, fresh bread and butter, and a can of peaches.

Then, the meal over—and it seemed that no one ate anything that evening—the boys brought in the rest of the things, tied up the cow at one end of the frame shed and Rorie at the other, put the cart in shelter, got me a couple of pails of water, brought in all the cut wood and pitch pine for kindling, said, "Good-bye, old girl, take care of yourself; we'll be over to supper to-morrow," jumped into the wagon, and I was sadly watching it, as it became less and less in the distance. Then I am ashamed to say, lovely as the evening was, I went indoors, bolted the door safely, flung myself face downwards on the bed, and cried. It was so dreadfully lonesome.

However, I had luckily just sense enough left to know that if I worked myself up into a state of nervous excitement, there would be no sleep for me that night, so I presently dried my eyes, unbolted the door, and looked around.

All was so vast, not a living thing in sight, all rolling prairie, bluff upon bluff, and at the edge of the horizon the foothills shut out everything but the snowy peaks which rose far above them; and in the silence and solitude of that great prairie my shanty and cowshed looked specks.

This would never do, I knew; I should only get more frightened at my loneliness; I must find something to do, and I determined to pass the time by making a fresh jar of yeast, as there was only about a cupful left from my last baking—just sufficient to leaven the jarful. So I went to the potato sack, and very soon had a saucepanful on the fire; and as the way we made yeast in the far West may be found interesting, and I can vouch for the quality of bread it made, I will give the recipe, as it was given to me by the wife of one of the oldest settlers in the country.

Some people always used the German cake yeast, but to my mind at that high altitude it made the bread too dry to eat after a couple of days' keeping; others, again, put hops, which grew wild in the creek, into their home-made yeast, but we much preferred, after trying them all, our own recipe, which kept good for months, only requiring about three or four times a year, a cake of Warner's yeast to be added to it, to freshen it up.

When the potatoes were thoroughly cooked, we drained the water off, and set it aside, and then proceeded to mash the potatoes in the saucepan, using for the process a smooth, strong glass bottle. Of course, one ought to have a pestle and mortar, but I had no extra luxuries in the way of cooking utensils.

When the potatoes were thoroughly mashed, a full teacup of powdered white sugar was added—castor sugar was the best we could get—and well stirred in, and then the same process was gone through with another cupful of sifted salt.

By this time the water in which the potatoes had been boiled; this was now poured on to them again, and the pasteful beaten up briskly for a few minutes, and then the whole mixture put into the yeast jar on the top of what remained of the old yeast.

It was then set aside for half an hour upon a part of the stove that was fairly warm, and at the end of that time it would foam up and run over the jar. And it was then fit for use, and only needed to be kept in a cool place with a lid on.

About a big cupful would make a baking of six loaves, and delicious bread it was, sweet, crusty, and short. It was best, however, if your water was hot enough to scald the flour before adding the yeast, taking care it got quite lukewarm before you put it in.

I used to make dreadful mistakes at first, for owing to the altitude at which we lived it was not enough for water to boil, to be at boiling point. If when we saw the steam coming out of the spout of our kettle, and heard the water bubbling, we thought we might venture to make our coffee, and boil our eggs, we found ourselves greatly mistaken.

It took five minutes in what we at home called galloping boiling water to cook an egg lightly, and as for coffee, it had to boil, and boil, and boil, before it was ready for clearing.

By the time I had finished my yeast, and went to the shanty door to look out, the last ray of the sun had disappeared behind the range, leaving no twilight; but a clear, cool radiance was overspreading the heavens in another direction, and in a minute or two the moon came up, almost as light as day. I could see to read even in the shanty by it.

With it, too, sprang up the cool breeze we always got about 9 P. M., making sleep possible, however hot and sultry the day had been. I could open the fly-netting door of the shanty also, and the door of the animals' stable.

And we all enjoyed the cool, sweet breeze; even old Mischief, the dog, who had up till now been lying lazily in the shade of the shanty with his tongue out, too hot to stir, came to my side and nestled against my knee.

How long we stood there enjoying the evening I cannot say. I only know we were aroused by a prolonged and melancholy howl coming across the prairie, and answered, after a moment's silence, by another howl from beyond the creek. Mischief began to growl, and sniff uneasily, and I started up.

'T was time for us all to go to bed; the coyotes were roaming round. I hastily bolted the cowshed, called Mischief in, and shut myself up for the night, turning up the lamp as I did so. It seemed a more human and comforting light than that of the cold moon outside, somehow, and having laid the fire and filled the kettle, I wound up my watch, for no one would come out there to ask for the tax on it, I felt sure; undressed with great rapidity, and went to bed, fully expecting to lie awake all night. But Fate was kind to me, and in a very few moments I was fast asleep.

When I woke up it was broad daylight; the sun was streaming in through the chinks of the rough shutter, and for a moment I gazed around me in surprise. "Where could I be, and why had not the boys called me long before?" And then I realized that the dreaded first night on "my pre-emption" was passed, and I got up with joy.

Rorie and Daisy were restlessly moving about next door, but old Mischief lay quite still by my bed, his gray muzzle tucked away between two shaggy paws, and his one eye—for the poor old fellow had lost the other in a fight in his long-past youth with a coyote—warily fixed upon a stray sunbeam as if he anticipated danger from that source.

I felt hungry, too, for it was long past the time for my first cup of tea. Alas! here there were no boys to boil the kettle; clearly if I wanted tea I would have to get it myself.

I jumped up, put a match to the pitch-pine kindling, and flung the house open. Then I put on my bathing dress, stuck an ulster on over it, and went and milked Daisy, had my tea and some bread and butter, took hold of Rorie's halter and went down to the creek for my tub.

This proceeding saved walking for one thing, and gave the horse his morning drink for another; so Rorie kindly took me upon his back, and with old Mischief by our side, we walked quietly towards the creek.

It was a lovely day, as usual at that time of the year, and the prairie was covered with flowers, from the bright orange-and-red cactus blossoms, which grew in great patches of color all around, to the pretty pink but scentless dog-roses on little bushes not a foot high, whilst down by the creek sunflowers of all sizes, a kind of pale blue foxglove, and the azure larkspur, stood out well against the light green of the cotton-wood trees.

Rorie soon had his share of water, and then waded up from the point I had watered him at to find a hole big enough to bathe in. The water was clear and cold, coming down as it did straight from the mountains; but it was also very shallow, a mere stream in its sandy bed, just over the ankles, and it sent the blood rushing up into one's head in a very unpleasant manner.

However, I was soon lucky enough to find a big hole, quite deep, by the side of a huge stone which had evidently been washed down from the hills by some freshet, and here by sitting down I was up to my neck in water, and, after a good ducking, began to enjoy my bath, in spite of the wretched water-snakes, who speedily found me out and writhed all around me.

But they were perfectly harmless, and, when once one got used to the unpleasant feel of them, not to be dreaded, although I must own I always had more or less the greatest dislike to the creatures.

They were really, we were told, more water-eels than snakes; indeed, some friends of ours cooked them as such, but the same people were very adventurous in matters of food, and declared prairie dog was as delicate as young chicken. It may have been, but I cannot speak from experience.

Whilst in the water, I was much interested in the proceedings of a young chipmunk—a pretty little animal something like a squirrel, with a long bushy tail, very cute-looking and friendly. He had bars of golden brown and black across his back, the red of a robin on his shoulders, a jauntily cocked-up tail of a pale brown, and very bright watchful eyes.

Whenever I gave a splash he would pretend to be frightened and trot off a yard or so, then sit up on his haunches and regard me warily, stroking his nose with his forepaws as he did so.

The blue birds and the robins also came to have a look at the strange creature in the creek, the latter being like its English

namesake in everything except size, where it certainly scored, being a most enormous bird, almost as big as the domestic fowl.

My morning's bath being over, I rejoined Rorie and went home and dressed, made my bed, tidied up, had breakfast, and gave the animals theirs, and then got the water for the day from the creek, a matter I had reason to congratulate myself upon before the day was over. Then, for it was still early, I saddled Rorie, and he and I had a lovely two hours' ride up the creek.

It was too hot everywhere else, but in the sandy bed of the creek there was shelter; for its banks, with their cotton-wood fringe, were far above us, and kept the intrusive sun at a respectful distance.

We were riding lazily along and meditating, for it was now past eleven, the necessity of turning back, when we were startled by an explosion far away up the mountains, that sounded as if a cannon had gone off.

Could they be blasting for gold, I wondered? But Rorie gave a sudden start, and before I could rein him up, headed away from the creek, loped up its banks, and made for the shanty as fast as he could go. Wise Rorie, he had heard that sound before; he knew there was a freshet on, and the creek would boom in a few moments.

And as I turned round in the saddle I saw before me an immense wave of brown water come rushing along the bed of the creek, carrying everything before it, down from the canon. The creek, which had been a mere silver streak, low down in its sandy bed, was now a brown rushing torrent, level with its banks, all the cotton-wood trees swaying before it, their leaves in many cases torn from them by the violence of the storm.

Down with it, too, were whirled cedar trunks and roots of old pines from the mountains, with what looked like the body of a dead animal, surprised whilst sleeping, whirling over and over in the flood, whilst countless blossoms of all the pretty flowers, draggled and torn into fragments, lay helpless on the top of the stream. Rorie was trembling and so was I, but it all happened in far less time than it takes to write about it.

More heartily than ever did I wish for the boys, for if this had happened whilst I was bathing, well, there might have been another body besides that of the dead coyote rolling over and over in the flood. All that day long the brown stream had a certain fascination for me; it make me feel somehow more lonely than ever.

I ate my midday meal mechanically, but about five I roused up; the boys would be with me in an hour's time, and they should have a nice meal. So I lit my stove and prepared supper, thinking as I filled the kettle how lucky it was I had fetched plenty of water.

How thankful I was when I saw the white tilt of our prairie schooner making its way across the bluffs! I would coax the boys to spend the night in the wagon, I thought, and so they did when they saw what had happened; and by sun-up the next morning the creek, though full and rapid, was fairly clear.

After that I spent many another night at the shanty, and got quite callous over it in time.

We built a corral, and fenced and dug a well, and finally, to my great joy, I "proved up," and we were the proud owners of two ranches. But even now I shall not easily forget the first night and day I spent alone on "my pre-emption."

SHOES AND SHOEMAKERS.

Boots and shoes are such prosaic things nowadays that it would be unreasonabe to suppose them interesting; and yet they have as quaint as history as any part of fashion's fabric. They were not always the factory-made articles which dangle pitifully in ungainly attitudes at the shop doors, and fit more or less clumsily the feet of the people we pass every day.

They are rarely even pretty now, except it be in the dainty forms fashioned by artists in leather for the nightly decking of light fantastic toes; and their general aspect is one of commonplace sameness.

Yet once upon a time, in the ruffling days of the Merry Monarch, there were gallants who turned their high top-boots down to their ankles that they might reveal the costly laces with which they were lined. And earlier by a hundred years or so there were Walter Raleigh and other gay wights who promenaded in diamond-studded shoes worth eighty thousand pounds. So gorgeous was the footgear of the times gone by that they put a king in a difficulty.

When Charles VII. ascended the throne of France, so impoverished was his exchequer that he was actually at a loss to find a subject who would supply him with the magnificent coronation boots which all precedent required should be of white satin lavishly embroidered with gold lilies.

Even the red deerskin brogues which the hardy Highlander carved out of the newly-slain deer and lashed round his calves with the hair outwards were more interesting than the shoes of to-day, for he made them himself, and their very uncouthness was full of suggestion.

Tight boots have troubled the world ever since it wore leather; but it is fortunate for the shoemakers that the author of the misery of toe-pinching is not always treated as he was once in Spain.

The story goes that the bootmaker to Don Carlos, the son of Philip II., took him a pair of boots which were too small to be comfortable, and by the order of the angry Prince they were cut in pieces, boiled, and forced down the wretched fellow's throat, so that he was well-nigh killed.

It was something rather worse than a tight shoe which Don John of Austria wore; it was, says the legend, a pair of shoes the soles and leather of which had been impregnated with poison; and after he wore them he died.

A curious investigation of the shoe history of Napoleon Bonaparte has been made. It is assumed that in his boyhood he was careless as to his garments, and therefore as to his shoes. But when he became a Lieutenant of artillery he wore boot of soft black leather reaching to the knee.

Having advanced to the rank of Captain, he donned boots "a la Souvoroff," which resembled hessians; but from the time when he became Brigade General, right through to the end of his First Consulship, he was addicted to top-boots. As Emperor, however, he wore long boots such as those used by Life Guardsmen; and to these he remained faithful throughout the duration of the Empire.

Now the pathos of the history begins. When the poor fallen Emperor lived in St. Helena he drew up with his own hand an inventory of his wardrobe; and all that remained to him out of his greatness was half-a-dozen of shirts, the like number of handkerchiefs, six pairs of silk stockings, two hats, two pairs of cambric sheets, two pairs of boots, and two slippers.

One pair of boots was placed on his body and buried with him; and when his remains were exhumed in 1840, it was found that though the thread with which the boots were sewn had decayed, and the bones of the feet peered mournfully between the soles and the uppers, yet the good leather remained as tough and stout as ever.

And there is the less reason to wonder at this, in the opinion of the investigators, for Napoleon during the long period of fourteen years had his boots from only one tradesman, a Pole, who kept a shop in Palais-Royal, and who preserved a set of his Imperial patron's lasts, on which he inscribed, with quaint devotion, every one of his famous victories.

Of the lore and associations of boots and shoes there is practically no end. Nursery legend has endowed them with marvelous qualities of speed. Jack the Giant-killer's shoes of swiftness and the great monster's seven-leagued boots were gear that a man might sigh for when pressing circumstances taught him the discreeter part of valor.

But these are frank falsehoods; even in the nursery they are fiction. Not so with some of the superstitions which tradition has issued around shoes. It was unlucky, for instance, to put on the left shoe first, and when Augustus Cæsar did that one day, he narrowly escaped assassination.

Under the old regime, when Japanese friends met in the streets they took off their shoes, and this notion prevails almost universally in the East. A shoeless foot betokens servitude, humility, and respect. Shoes are left at the door of the mosque when the worshipper enters; and if a friend calls on another, his shoes await him on the door-mat.

That appalling habit of throwing old shoes at weddings has several derivations. One theory is, that the shoe is thrown because it is a lucky instrument in its old age. Another is, that the custom is a relic of the period when the bride was taken by force, and that the discharge of these missiles is all that remains of the old combat.

A third is, that the Anglo-Saxon father gave the bride's shoes to her husband, who touched her on the head with it as a sign of his authority, and that the throwing of the shoes indicates the parental resignation of all claims on the bride's obedience.

Yet in Turkey the groom is the one most affected, for the moment he is married his good friends set upon him and beat him soundly with slippers as a sign of their affection.

The Jews sealed a bargain by plucking off the shoe, as it is written in the verse, "For to confirm all things a man plucked off his shoe and gave it to his neighbor; and this was a testimony in Israel." The origin of the common saying about the hidden spot where the shoe pinches is ascribed to a Roman citizen who was divorced from his wife, though he had always seemed to live happily. When he was questioned by his friends, he put out his shoe to them. "Is it not new and well-made?" he said; "yet none of you can tell where it pinches."

There is nothing new about high heels; they are as old as Hamlet's time at least. The melancholy Prince addresses the lady player: "Your ladyship is nearer heaven than when I saw you last by the altitude of a chopine;" and a chopine was only a high heel which the fair ladies of old used to increase their stature.

MOTIVES AND PRINCIPLES.—People act more from impulse and instinct than reason or convictions. The calm deliberative man often gains the prizes in life, but not generally so. The rushing venturesome fellow plunges ahead either breaking down, or going over everything in his way. A man who waits for success to come to him without trying to make it will hurry long and find little. The man whose motives and principles are good must employ with might his energy and discretion to make them come to useful account. If we want to be beloved, and trusted we must show that our motives and principles are worthy of belief and confidence, otherwise, doubt and surmises will make us unsettled and undecided whether to approve or disapprove the circumstances and their course to consequent events of direct or undirect action. The outward and visible signs do not show the real man, but the inward trend of thought and feelings makes the man of intrinsic worth. It is always a mark and indication of good motives and principles in any one who is steadfast and straight-forward in what he says and does for a sense of duty and right, nothing fearing to show or seeking to hide. It is not the deed a man does but the way he does it, should plead for the man's compensation in doing it. Men of good principles are true to their convictions and not false to any one.

L. G. W.

ABOUT A BEAUTY.—The late Marchioness of Waterford was one of the greatest beauties of her day. When she was to be presented, her mother, Lady Stewart de Rothesay, took her to the Court painter, Mr. Hayter, who was greatly struck with her refined girlish beauty, her divinely tall figure, and her golden hair rippling on her forehead. On his expressing his admiration, Lady Stewart de Rothesay quietly untied the confining bonnet and let her daughter's magnificent hair stream over her figure. The sun was shining into the studio, and Mr. Hayter used to tell how he was dazzled by the vision of loveliness before him, clad, as the artist's vision told him, in a vesture of gold. The hair reached far below her knees. Some years afterwards, when the wife of the handsome Marquis of Waterford, she lay at death's door in fever. The doctor condemned her magnificent hair to the shears and Lord Waterword allowed no hand but his own to execute the sentence. Those locks were buried with him, twined round his neck.

PUNISHMENTS.—After teaching school for 51 years, Johann Jakob Haberle, of Germany, died some years ago, and his diary has just been published, in which the punishments he administered are all noted down. He gave 911,517 strokes with a stick, 240,100 "smites" with a birch rod, 10,930 hits with a ruler, 136,715 hand smacks, 10,235 slaps on the face, 7,905 boxes on the ears, 115,800 blows on the head, 12,763 tasks from the Bible, Catechism, the poets and grammar—every two years he had to buy a Bible to replace the one so roughly handled by his scholars, 777 times he made his pupils kneel on peas and 5000 scholars had to do penance with a ruler held over their heads. As to his abusive words, not a third of them were to be found in any dictionary.

Scientific and Useful.

TO CLEAN GOLD.—Powder some whiting, and make it into a moist paste with some sal-volatile. Cover over the gold ornaments and surface with a soft brush; let it dry, and then brush it off with a moderately hard brush.

WIRE FENCES.—In Australia, it is said, telephonic messages have been successfully transmitted over wire fences. The man who thought of this device utilized the top wire of the fence and carried the wire across the road on poles.

HINTS.—If troubled with headache, try the simultaneous application of hot water to the feet and back of the neck. To clean and restore the polish to leather, wash the leather with a soft cloth damped with a little warm water, dry it carefully, and then brush it over with the whites of eggs whipped to a froth.

TO CLEAN PAINT NOT VARNISHED.—Put upon a plate some of the best whiting; have ready some clean warm water and a piece of flannel, which dip into the water and squeeze nearly dry; then take as much whiting as will adhere to it, apply it to the paint, when a little rubbing will instantly remove any dirt or grease; wash well off with water, and rub dry with a soft cloth.

SPEED OF ELECTRICITY.—The speed of electricity is so great that its passage from point to point along a conducting wire may be regarded as practically instantaneous. Various attempts have been made to measure the rate at which it travels, and observers, with delicate instruments, have affirmed that it was not less than 114,000 miles per second, and in one or two places its speed was as high as 240,000 miles.

MAGNETISM.—The Japanese have discovered that a few seconds previous to an earthquake the magnet temporarily loses its power; and they have ingeniously constructed a light frame supporting a horse-shoe magnet, beneath which is a cup of bell-metal. The armature is attached to a weight, so that, upon the magnet becoming paralysed, the weight drops, and striking the cup, gives the alarm. Every one in the house then seeks the open air for safety.

Farm and Garden.

BREEDING.—Be careful in breeding the stock. A single mistake made in the selection of an animal for breeding purposes may cause years of labor to correct.

STOCK.—By giving young stock heavy food in such quantity as to surfeit them the digestive power is often permanently impaired. Never over-feed the young animals, and give such food as is most easily digested. That is the way to make them thrifty.

EGG-SUCKING.—A dog that sucks eggs can always be cured by boiling an egg very soft, then placing it, as hot as boiling water can make it, in the dog's mouth and slamming his jaws together, so as to break the egg in his mouth. No matter how long he may have been addicted to egg sucking, one dose of soft-boiled eggs will answer for the balance of the days.

SUMAC.—Sheep will eat many plants that would not be touched by cattle, and are capable of preventing the growth of many weeds if turned on a field for that purpose. It is not profitable to attempt to keep sheep by compelling them to seek their food from such sources, yet it will be found an advantage to use the sheep as weed destroyers, not overlooking the ration that should be provided for them at night, however.

POTATOES.—There is one important matter connected with growing potatoes, and that is the freedom of the seed from disease. The seed tubers will impart to the crop any disease with which they may be affected, and the most careful examination of the seed should be made before buying or planting. It is best to endeavor to procure seed from some section that is known to be exempt from potato disease, and the seed, when cut, should be steeped for half an hour in a solution made by dissolving a pound of bluestone and a pound of copperas in 10 gallons of boiling water.

TO BUILD UP THE SYSTEM when run down from General Debility, young or old should use Doctor Jayne's Tonic Vermifuge, a pleasant and effective Tonic, a prompt corrective for a Disordered Stomach, and a sure destroyer of Worms. The large sized bottles are cheapest when a Tonic is wanted. Sold by all Druggists.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
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A WORD TO OUR READERS.

There is not a home in the country that would not be brightened and made more beautiful by the magnificent companion pictures offered as a premium by THE POST.

They represent, in the highest and most perfect style of pictorial art, "COLUMBUS AT THE COURT OF FERDINAND AND ISABELLA," of which the original is owned by the Metropolitan Museum of Art, N. Y., and "THE LANDING OF COLUMBUS," original in the rotunda of the Capitol at Washington. These Pictures (size 21x28 inches each) are genuine oleographs in beautiful colors, printed on the thickest canvas paper and have the appearance of Oil Paintings, and certainly far surpass anything ever offered in this line. In all the history of art in this country there have never been offered to the public two such grand, artistic, and at the same time patriotic productions.

This latter mentioned picture is the reproduced model from which the new Columbian, United States 2-cent stamp was engraved. The stamp will give an idea of the figuring of the picture—although more than four hundred times smaller,—but nothing can convey an adequate notion of the beauty, variety and harmony of its magnificent coloring.

They are charming as works of art, educational, and, relating as they do to the discovery of our land, possess an all-round interest that makes them both desirable now and valuable as future mementoes and souvenirs. As a memorial of 1892—the year of the four-hundredth anniversary of Columbus landing upon our shores—these pictures would not only be objects of beauty and admiration to the present generation, but also of regard and love in the eyes of those to come. No true Americans who love their country should be without these splendid art works in their homes.

Both pictures are sent to all who send $2.00 for a year's subscription in advance.

About Neighbors.

Among the poor there is no better epitaph than "She was a good neighbor." There is a far richer meaning in that tribute than in the equivocal compliment, "He was a good fellow." "Good fellow" may mean generous and foolish, and the opinion be compounded of admiration and pity; but to be a good neighbor is to possess all sorts of genuinely wearable fine qualities.

The people who can get along without having neighbors or doing neighborly deeds are an unenviable class, no matter to what grade of society they may belong. We most of us know the need for such kindly giving and taking. It is a common homely subject, such as it will do us all good to examine with some care. It is better to think about those daily surroundings that are apt to be overlooked because of their nearness, but which nevertheless make the warp and weft of life, rather than of the occasional threads of interest that chance to be inwoven in the fabric.

Sir Arthur Helps says, "The Iliad for war, the Odyssey for wandering; but where is the great domestic epic? It is but commonplace to say that passions may rage round the tea-table which would not have misbecome men dashing on one another in war-chariots. Evolutions of patience and temper are performed by the fireside worthy to be compared with the retreat of the Ten Thousand." So there is a drama constantly progressing round us well as in our homes which is every bit as interesting, if we had eyes to see it, as any tale that has ever stirred our blood. Let us then look at our neighbors.

"Who is my neighbor?" is a very old question to which some misleading answers have been given. The common reply is to sweep the whole horizon with an indefinite gesture, and to say—Everybody. But we do not like such generalities. They afford a cheap way of escape from individual feelings; they excuse us from caring much about anybody because we have such a high regard for everybody. Our benevolence is thus in danger of becoming like the circle in the water "which by broad-spreading doth disperse to naught." It is a case of diffuse and lose. Let us not say a word against the sense of universal kindness, but a wide gap lies between that and a helpful neighborliness.

There is always felt to be something uncanny about people who "keep themselves to themselves," who from pride or reticence or secretiveness hold aloof from their neighbors, so natural is it that we should be "chumable" and act in unison.

In districts where houses are few and wide apart, all are neighbors necessarily, or they would have to live in solitude. There the desire for companionship brings together people of the most diverse types of character. In towns, where a more exact selection can be made and acquaintances are many, the feeling of neighborliness almost dies out, except with the poor.

The paying of formal calls is quite a different thing from being neighborly; and so is the visiting of friends who are specially bound to us by personal affection. Neighbors are without the formality of the one or the individual feeling of the other; they drop in because they happen to live near, and feel that mere proximity has its rights and its duties.

Where society is highly organized and has its code of etiquette, such vague and promiscuous intercourse is almost if not wholly excluded, or is left to the children, who will mix and be neighborly however stiffly their elders may carry themselves. But it is among the middle-class and the poor who live in yards and house-rows and in the villages, where the life of each person lies open and where every man and woman has a distinct and direct personal relation with every other man and woman, that there is full scope for being a good neighbor. There the neighbor has a relationship as well defined as that of brother or friend or servant or visitor; and very beautiful are the glimpses of human nature which we get by studying the actions of those who are generally acknowledged to be "good neighbors."

There are no doubt disagreeable aspects of one's life with neighbors. The genuine help which is afforded in times of need and the sense of companionship and support that is diffused over the community is partly counterbalanced by the want of privacy that is felt when some one may at any moment drop in for a chat. Neighbors are apt to think that they ought to have a moral supervision of each other, and they dearly love occasionally to "make each other unhappy for their good," as George Eliot once expressed it.

If we think of the amount of discomfort that is caused by people who force on others something that is disagreeable, but who "meant it only for their good," we have a new view of the moral waste that comes from misdirected virtue. Then there are many ways in which neighbors—whose only claim to the title is that they live in close proximity to us—have us at their mercy.

We may banish lucifer-matches and paraffin from our own house, and yet be burnt in our beds owing to our neighbor's wife failing to remember that a candle burns anything placed above it at three times the distance that it would burn what was placed by its side. Our health is in our neighbors' keeping almost as directly as in our own. And then there is that fatal bar to neighborly peace—noise!

One teacher of the violin who does not take the precaution to have a padded room for learners can devastate all the region round about and appreciably send down the rent. But against such minor drawbacks as these we can pit a single evidence of the helpfulness of neighbors which makes our plea for free and kindly intercourse invulnerable.

Look at the great total of ungrudging nursing that neighbors lavish on each other in times of sickness. If we go into any house where the poor are suffering, we shall find their neighbors who are equally poor willing to work by day and to "sit up" by night to help an acquaintance.

SYSTEM is as essential in the government of the household as in that of the state. Order, promptness, punctuality, industry, and good judgment are the necessary and efficient forces in the home. To these add cheerfulness, patience, and a thoughtful care for the general comfort, and happiness of its members, and all unpleasant friction will be avoided and the home made what it should be—the centre of all that is best and dearest to the human heart.

MUCH greater efforts are bestowed nowadays on making young men and women learned and accomplished than on cultivating in them either sympathy in the pursuits of others, or good-temper or geniality; yet neither learning be it ever so profound, nor accomplishments be they ever so brilliant, will bring them or those about them half the happiness that kindly sympathetic, good-natured manners will diffuse.

IT is because so few have definite goals before them that so many fail; it is because so many aim at impossibilities that so few succeed; it is because there is too much wishing for success, with so little unremitted striving after it, that so many end with wishing; it is because there is too much eagerness for speedy triumph that so many end in defeat.

PEOPLE diametrically opposite in views may be excellent friends, but there must be other directions in which they sympathize. Persons of the most diverse characteristics may be tenderly attached, but there must be certain tastes or interests in common.

THE man is poor indeed who cannot in some way help his neighbor, if only by words of sympathy; and unless he has the disposition to do this when he is poor, there is little likelihood that the possession of riches will transform his nature.

ALL beauty is bound together, and leads up from the smallest things of life to the greatest, from the most material to the most spiritual, from the simplest and humblest to the most exalted.

CONFIDENTIAL CORRESPONDENTS.

T. C.—To cut india-rubber, dip the knife-blade in a solution of caustic potash.

ENGINEER.—The colors seen upon heated steel and iron are the result of a very thin film of rust or oxide produced by the air upon the metal. The colors differ according to the temperature.

GIDDY.—The peacock closes his tail at once the moment he is alarmed, and flies off with a scream, instead of stopping to hiss. He will not spread his tail at all if under fear; and when he does spread it, it is either out of rivalry with the males or to attract the females.

H. B. C.—"Crewel" is a corruption of clewel, from clew or clue, a thread of worsted used to mark the right path, and enable a follower to thread his way through a maze. Hence the application of the term to a worsted now used for fancy work. The l has been changed into r.

AGNES.—Chastelard, who was a French secretary of Mary, Queen of Scots, and minstrel, was a poet, soldier, and courtier, said to be descended from the Chevalier Bayard. He concealed himself in the Queen's bedchamber, and was executed for the crime in 1563. He was only twenty-three years of age, and love and youth must be his excuse.

J. A. K.—The Alhambra Palace was built by Mohammed II., the Arab king of Granada, in 1275, and is one of the most glorious relics of the Moors in Spain. The small model of the Court of the Lions at the Crystal Palace was made expressly for the Sydenham Palace. The original court is 100 feet long by 60 wide, and the gallery is placed on columns 9 feet high.

C. J.—To keep sparrows out of gardens, procure a few slender rods from six to eight feet long, as many ordinary sized potatoes, and a quantity of various colored feathers. Stick the potatoes full of feathers, and suspend them from the points of the rods, then plant the other end firmly in the ground. A pendulum motion will be maintained by the wind; the result will be that very few sparrows will come near garden plots so fortified. The potato should hang about 14 inches from the ground.

READER.—Eugene Aram, like many other murderers, was of a respectable family, and, indeed, traced his ancestry as far back as the time of Edward III., when his progenitor served the office of high sheriff; but his father was so reduced as to be a mere gardener to Sir Edward Blackett, to whom Eugene himself was footboy. He was a self-educator, and loved mathematics; at a later period he even learned Hebrew, but his learning did not prevent him from murdering a silly old shoemaker, Daniel Clarke, who bragged that he had more money than he really had. The murder happened on the 8th of February, 1745, at the village of Knaresborough, England. The cave, St. Robert's Cave, where the crime was committed, is still shown.

MARCELLA.—Bad temper is a bad thing when it creeps into a house. A home is no home without discreet management. A wife may be either angel or wasp, just as she likes. In the performance of her duties she should show that she does not rule for the mere sake of exercise of the power, but for its beneficent consequences. Although absolute in authority, it is not permitted to her to glaringly exhibit her pre-eminence. Kind deeds, not words, command obedience, and it should never be forgotten that she owes a respect to her husband as high as that which is accorded to her own domestic sovereignty. The husband, like a favored guest, is entitled to the place of honor and the most winning attentions to induce him to bend the ready knee to the power he delegates to her for the welfare of himself and all that surrounds him. The strings, silken as they are, may unintentionally be drawn too tight; and therefore one of the first inquiries of the wife should be how she may govern without harsh rule and a tendency to be despotic. It is the wish of wives to be supreme that brings blackness, darkness, and hideous misery into many a home.

W. R. L.—Sorry to decide against you; but, in spite of your being intelligent, and no doubt learned, you are, it seems to us, hopelessly wrong in confining the use of the words to "legs and feet merely." Surely a man may be lamed in his right hand, and a duck may have a lame wing? Surely, too, a man bent like a hoop with rheumatism is a cripple? His spine is crippled; or his ribs or the pelvis may be broken, and thus he will be crippled. So far against you. When we turn to the simple origin of the word, you are in a better position. It is from the Dutch kreupel. Skinner and Cotgrave give you some countenance. A cripple is one who creeps on the ground, using his hands for feet—and certainly in Shakspere's time the lamed cripple was supposed to be harmed more in his legs than arms. Chaucer tells us that it is "shameful to halten before a cripple"—i. e., to mock or simulate lameness—and the proverb that it is wrong to beat a cripple with his crutches looks like confining the malady to the legs. Our decision, since you rely on it, is that the words lamed and crippled can be fairly applied to other limbs or bones, or bodily framework, than the legs; that A can have a crippled elbow as well as knee, a lamed finger as well as toe; but that primarily cripple was confined to that which hindered motion—legs, spine, or pelvis—and caused the sufferer to creep. To lame was always applicable to legs, wings, or arms. We think such questions by no means frivolous, but exceedingly useful, as stimulating thought upon the true meaning of words.

TO ONE'S WIFE.

BY CHARLES KINGSLEY.

The world goes up, and the world goes down,
And the sunshine follows the rain;
And yesterday's sneer, and yesterday's frown,
Can never come over again, sweet wife,
No, never come over again.

For woman is warm, though man be cold,
And the night will hallow the day;
Till the heart which at even was weary and old,
Can rise in the morning gay, sweet wife,
To its work in the morning gay.

The Hidden Hoard.

BY HEADON HILL.

IT was high noon, and traffic through the city gate of Dilnaghar had died away. One by one, creaking bullock-carts and footsore travelers, toiling across the dusty plain towards the ancient Kattiawar stronghold, had come to a halt under what shade they could find by the wayside, to wait for the cool of the evening for the fulfilment of their journey. And there were none in the city whose business was so pressing that they were compelled to leave its shelter in the blistering glare of the mid-day sun.

In a few days the south-west monsoon—the much-needed bara barsat—would break, gladdening the thirsty land with plashing showers, and cooling the sultry air with breezes fresh from the Indian Ocean.

Then, for a month or two, crowds would jostle through the narrow archway in two unceasing streams from dawn to sunset again. But at the hottest hour of the broiling day the main artery of Dilnaghar was pulseless.

Not quite deserted, however, and not quite silent, was the gateway. A wild-looking match-lock-man, one of His Highness the Thakore's bodyguard, slumbered peacefully in his niche, waking the echoes of the archway will a series of blood-curdling snores.

The sounds proceeding from the sleeping guard drowned all others, even the lazy hum of the distant bazar; but a pair of sharp ears listening intently might have discerned a fainter sound, which ever and anon struggled to assert itself in plaintive contrast to the discord that quelled it—the sound of a feeble voice crying in the Guserati tongue: "Water! For the love of God, bring me water, or I die!"

The wailing cry came from the foot of the city wall just outside the archway, and at first sight it would have been difficult to identify its origin with anything human; so bent and huddled was the shapeless filth-encrusted form from which the voice proceeded. But on nearer inspection the wizened features and glittering beady eyes, half hidden with masses of tangled and dirty hair would have proclaimed their owner a man, and a man in sore extremity.

He was only sustained from falling prone to the ground by an iron ring round his neck, the other end of which was built or thrust into the city wall in the form of a staple, and which thus kept him in a sitting posture.

His clawlike hands were furnished with nails half a foot in length, and these were dug in agony deep into the burning sand. The fragments of a broken lotah, or water-vessel, at his side told plainly of the accident that was doing the Fakir Indraji to death.

For nigh on seventy years the Fakir had borne his self-inflicted torture outside the ancient gateway. There were old men in Dilnaghar, but none so old that they could remember the time when that spot had been tenantless.

Day and night through the long years the holy man had sat there, bound by his iron ring, begging and praying by turns till he became one of the institutions of the place, and pilgrims came to touch his hoary locks and go away comforted.

His wants and absolute necessities, such as they were, were attended to by the priests of a neighboring temple, one of whom came twice a day to bring him food and bear off any alms he might have taken.

Indraji retained nothing for himself. None can say for how many years longer he would have kept his post, had it not been for the chapter of accidents which broke his water-vessel and brought the sleepiest soldier of the Thakore's bodyguard on duty at the same burning noontide; but as it was, the aged Fakir's time was come.

Fainter and fainter grew the old man's cries for help, till they were little more than a wordless moan. His head fell back against the encircling collar, his tongue began to loll from his parched lips; but still no one came, and the pitiless sun went on baking the wall behind him to the temperature of an oven.

The fierce black eyes were becoming glazed, and the familiar objects on the plain were assuming fantastic shapes in the disordered vision of the dying man, when suddenly a distant footstep brought a ray of hope—a firm, swinging footstep, too, that told of honest boot-leather—not of the shuffling approach of some sandal shod or bare-footed native.

Nearer and nearer up the road from the open country came the welcome sound, and just as Indraji put all his remaining strength into one last feeble cry of "Water!" a tall young Englishman sprang to his side, and, unslinging a leathern bottle, held a cup of the cooling liquid to the Fakir's lips.

"Thanks, Sahib, thanks," the old man murmured in Hindustani as he finished the last drop of the precious draught. "You come too late to save my life, though in time to make death easier. Thy servant is grateful."

"Tell me where I can find help or how I can move you from here," answered the young man, whose dusty, travel-stained appearance and inquiring glances bespoke him a stranger to Dilnaghar.

"You have given me all the help I need," replied the Fakir, "and I move not from this spot till the Angel of Death releases me from my vow. Indraji is weary, and thanks God that that time is at hand.—But tell me of yourself, young Sahib. Feringhis are scarce in Dilnaghar. 'Tis close on a year since a white face passed through the city gate."

"It is because white faces, as you call them, are scarce in Dilnaghar that I am here," laughed the young Englishman a little bitterly. "There are times, as you must know, good Fakir, or you would not have adopted this mode of life, when the society of one's fellows is best avoided. It is so with me."

"So young, so brave, so merciful, and yet with the sound of despair in his voice!" the old man half whispered to himself, eyeing his visitor intently. For a few moments he seemed to fall into unconsciousness, and gazed out over the plain with a far-away expression on his face that was eloquent of the coming end. But just as the Englishman had decided to go for assistance, the Fakir spoke once more.

"Feringhi," he said, "I have not many hours to live. To day's parching thirst has conquered a body worn out with the batterings of close on a hundred years, seventy of which I have spent as you see me now. You have relieved me in my sore necessity, and I would fain do you a service. Perchance you will not believe in the old Fakir's charms and amulets, but I beg of you to put it to the test, and see if Indraji has not spoken truly. Take this, and open it only when you know that I am dead. It will bring you your heart's desire."

As the Fakir spoke, he fumbled in the ragged cloth that girt his loins and drew forth a quill, three inches long and sealed up at both ends. This he thrust into the young Englishman's hand.

"All that that charm may bring you," he proceeded, "is yours, bestowed by Indraji the Fakir for reasons which will hereafter be revealed to you. All that I ask in return is, that you mention that quill and its contents to no one—no matter whether he be Sahib, Hindu, or Mohammedan—till you have read and understood what the quill contains.—Have I your promise to preserve absolute silence? You will not have long to wait before you may break the seals."

The young man slipped the Fakir's charm into his pocket and gave a careless assent. Naturally, he had no faith in the old mendicant's wizardry; but his good nature prompted him to humor the quaint request. Satisfied that the gift had been graciously received, Indraji made a sign towards the gateway.

"Now go on your way, Sahib," he said; "and as you pass the temple with the red walls, before you reach the great bazar, stop, of your goodness, and ask one of the holy men to come to me. My blessing go with you."

The traveler, seeing that he could be of no further use, took the Fakir at his word. Passing through the gloomy archway, where the match-lock-man still slept on, he struck into the main street that led through the heart of the city, and, after giving information of the Fakir's condition at the temple which had been indicated, made his way to the semi-barbaric palace of the Thakore.

While he is parleying with the door-keepers and doing his best, by persuasion and a little "backsheesh," to obtain an audience of the great man, let us see what it is that brings Basil Heygate on foot and alone to a purely native city in a non-British State, where Europeans are seldom found.

Only a month before, and Heygate had been one of the gayest and smartest subalterns in the 30th Hussars, which regiment was then quartered at the up-country station of Mhow.

He was a favorite with his brother-officers and with the men; his father was wealthy, and made him a liberal allowance from home; and his professional duties were carried out in a manner which ensured him a successful military career.

Suddenly, one fatal mail-day all his bright prospects were dashed to the ground by the receipt of a letter from England which told him that his father had been ruined by unfortunate speculations, and had died under the shock.

It was quite impossible for Heygate to remain in the service under the altered conditions. Without the handsome additions to his pay which he had received from home, he would barely be able to defray the mess expenses of a crack cavalry regiment; and he took the only course open to him.

He laid the circumstance of the case before his Colonel, obtained six months' leave of absence to England, pending retirement, and went down to Bombay with a view to returning home by the next steamer.

But here a sudden impulse changed all Basil Heygate's plans. While waiting at the hotel, he chanced on a paragraph in one of the Bombay papers announcing in a jocular vein that Gholam Singh, the Thakore of Dilnaghar, was about to purchase the cast-off uniforms of a native infantry regiment, in order to give the half-wild levies who formed his bodyguard the semblance of civilized troops.

The writer of the paragraph drew a humorous picture of the figure these hitherto half-clad warriors would cut when dressed as regular soldiers, but without any knowledge of drill; and he ended by advising the Thakore to buy up "a second-hand sergeant-major" to supply the deficiency.

The hint was enough for Heygate. If the Kattiawar chieftain was bent on Europeanising his forces, he, Basil Heygate, was the man to do it for him. It would be a terrible drop for the once gay officer of Hussars to swell the retinue of a native rajah, even though he were appointed generalissimo to begin with; but it would be better than the idleness and uncertainty which would be his lot on reaching England; and at anyrate, if he found the new life unbearable, he was not compelled to stay.

Again, Dilnaghar being a "protected" State only, and not immediately under British control, there would be none of his fellow-countrymen there to remind him by their presence of his own altered position. As for his retirement from the English army, it would be just as easy to send in his papers from Dilnaghar as from London; and having six months' leave, there was no need for haste.

After a risky week's voyage in a native craft to Verawal, the Kattiawar port, where he left his baggage, an eighty-mile tramp brought him to the scene of his adventure with the Fakir.

Thus it was that Basil Heygate found himself ushered into the presence of Gholam Singh, Thakore of Dilnaghar, and vassal of Her Most Gracious Majesty the Empress of India.

Gholam Singh was a fifth-rate potentate, not even deemed worthy by the supreme Government of entertaining a British "Resident" at his court, the result being that Dilnaghar was about the worst administered State in the peninsula.

The Thakore taxed his unfortunate people to the last possible pie, spending the hardly-wrung revenue, firstly, on the price of immunity from annexation which he paid in the firm of tribute to the Government; and secondly, on the selfish and indolent pleasures so dear to the Oriental mind.

The history of the State of Dilnaghar to some extent accounted for the grasping character of its rulers. Gholam Singh and his family were not indigenous to the soil.

He was third in succession to Feroz Singh, a warrior chieftain from the north, who had conquered the country some time about the commencement of the century, only to find that the prize was not up to expectation.

The then ruler of Dilnaghar was captured and slain by Feroz Singh; but the vast treasure with which the palace was accredited was never discovered, having been concealed just before the entry of the enemy, in some inaccessible hiding-place, by the Vasir Khanji, prime-minister and chief officer of the household.

The Vasir himself was supposed to have fallen in the conflict which resulted in the taking of the city, and with him had apparently perished all chance of ever discovering the whereabouts of the treasure. Those who know the ways of Eastern conquerors will understand that the absence of spoil which was known to exist did not improve the lot of the conquered. Feroz did his best to make up the deficiency by oppressing the people; and his descendants were faithful followers of his example.

His Highness the Thakore received Heygate in semi-state; that is to say, the audience was given in what he called his "presence chamber," an apartment furnished with a mixture of real Oriental magnificence and second-hand European goods, bought cheap at some sale in Bombay.

He emphasised the unofficial nature of the reception by lying at full length during the interview on a common iron bedstead, which was covered with silken cushions of rare workmanship; and while Heygate was preferring his request for military employment, he played cup and ball diligently.

But before he had said a dozen words, Heygate knew that his petition was to be granted. The air of insolent indifference which Gholam Singh chose to wear towards an Englishman not in Government service failed to hide a triumphant sparkle in his lazy eyes at the idea of possessing this well-knit young officer for his own.

As Heygate painted in his best Hindustani a glowing picture of what the Dilnaghar troops would become under his tuition, successful efforts at cupping the ball became less frequent, and finally the Thakore flung the toy aside and listened unaffectedly. Basil Heygate was a new plaything worthy of attention, after all.

"Your Highness would thus acquire an army, small perhaps in numbers, but one which in discipline and drill would put to shame the forces of Scindiah, Holkar, and the Nizam," concluded the applicant, who was nothing if not thorough.

"My friend, say no more. I appoint you from this hour to the post of Chief Sirdar of my army. No man who serves Gholam Singh has cause to complain of his master's generosity, and you shall have free quarters in the palace with a salary of two hundred rupees a month," said the Thakore with the air of a man who was doing a noble deed.

The sum he offered to his new "general" was less than the pay of a lieutenant in the English service; but it would be enough, Heygate thought, in a native city, where there was no social duties and no style to keep up.

"Rajah," proceeded the Thakore, addressing one of his ministers, "assemble such of the bodyguard as are on duty in the courtyard, so that the Sirdar may see his new command."

The Thakore proceeded to a window, followed by Heygate and by the other more or less disreputable-looking members of his suite. In a few minutes some fifty men entered the courtyard below, and "fell in" in a manner which suggested that they had heard of such a thing as drill, if they had never seen it.

The attempted imitation of civilized troops was further accentuated by the use of English words of command, which the native havildar in charge shouted parrot-like without knowing a word of the language he borrowed from.

The men were well-built sturdy fellows enough, but uniform was unknown among them. Some few wore the ancient chain-mail in which the Saracens fought; others were dressed in scraps of old European regimentals; those who had tunics not wearing trousers, and vice versa; but the majority were in native costume, ragged, and none too clean. They were all armed with matchlocks about seven feet long. The effect of the operation which their officer called "Shudder humps" with these piece was so ludicrous that Heygate smiled.

"I understand that Your Highness has purchased European uniforms for the men," he said. "That will greatly improve their appearance."

"Yes," replied Gholam; "I have well nigh depleted my treasury to do so."

"If I am to do justice to your patronage," continued Heygate, "the men should

be furnished with modern rifles, or at any-rate with percussion muskets. A soldier-like appearance while they are armed with those matchlocks is out of the question."

To the young officer's surprise, his suggestion threw the Thakore into a state of hysterical rage and excitement. He took off his turban and tore his hair; he spat upon the floor and flung his arms over his head; and all the while he bewailed his unhappy lot in having been cheated of what he considered his patrimony by the failure of his ancestor to unearth the plunder of Dilnaghar.

Here, he moaned, he had set his heart on having a smart body of troops round him; he had ordered a bargain in second-hand uniforms, and a brilliant Sirdar had been engaged; but the whole project was to be spoiled because he had not money enough to buy rifles. His Highness, in fact, comported himself after the manner of a thwarted Oriental potentate, which is very much the manner of a thwarted child.

When he became calmer, he dilated to Heygate upon the circumstances of his enforced poverty, and finally dismissed him to quarters which he ordered to be prepared for the new Sirdar.

The Thakore closed the interview with an intimation that Heygate's duties would commence on the morrow, when there would probably be entrusted to his care a scheme for providing the bodyguard with muskets or rifles.

For the first time in his life the young Englishman ashamed to what a month before he would have called a "dirty nigger," and retired. He had already conceived a wholesome contempt for his master, but, on the whole, he was satisfied with his day's work.

At anyrate he had obtained what he came for, and though that was not much, it was the means of earning his livelihood in a profession he understood.

Far better that than walking about the streets of London penniless in search of employment which was sure to be uncongenial. Thus he ruminated as he discussed his first meal under Gholam Singh's roof in one of two large but barely-furnished apartments that had been assigned to him.

The bed-room contained nothing but a common native "charpoy," not nearly so good a one as that on which his own kitmutghar had slept; and the sitting-room boasted only a rickety table and two chairs; but the curried fowl was well cooked and decently served—a fact which prevented the tired traveler from indulging in too gloomy comparisons between his present quarters and his luxurious bungalow at Mhow.

Heygate's reflections were interrupted by the entry of Rajab, Gholam's prime-minister and general factotum. Rajab was short and stout, with a cunning twinkle in his eye that suggested an entire want of principle, relieved by a dash of droll humor.

If he set himself to cheat any one, as in truth he did very often, he would do it with an air of facetious relish, as though he cheated not for gain but for the sake of having his little joke. He saluted Heygate politely, and seated himself in the other chair.

"I bring your orders, Sirdar, for to-morrow," he began. "His Highness desires you to take two hundred men and to march to Dhoonghar, thirty miles north of this city.

"The Begum Luxmeebhai of that place is in arrear with her taxes—luckily for our little project—and you will therefore drive off all her flocks and herds, and also bear off anything of value in the Begum's house. She is reputed rich, and you should return well laden. This plan will save both her and ourselves trouble in computing the exact amount of her arrears, and it will moreover give His Highness the means of purchasing the rifles which his soul desires."

Heygate listened horror-struck. To head a band of marauding cattle-lifters and to plunder a helpless woman was as impossible to him as to hang the Begum Luxmeebhai on the nearest tree.

In his ignorance of the manners and customs of native States, he had supposed that the only function of the "troops" was to minister to the sense of ostentatious pride to which the protected rulers cling so closely, and his mistake was a revelation to him. He had forgotten that here in his own dominions the Thakore was paramount, and that the wail of the oppressed could easily be stifled ere it could reach the Supreme Government from the wilds of Kattiawar.

Of course he recognized that there was an end of his project at once. His reply was an indignant refusal. "Tell the Thakore," he said, "that he must get some one else to do his dirty work. I did not come here to act as chief cattle-stealer to His Highness. I shall return to Bombay at once; and I will take care that the Government is notified of the way in which the State of Dilnaghar is administered."

Rajab smiled lazily. "My young friend," he said, "do not be rash. His Highness has taken a fancy to you, and most assuredly you would find departure in your present frame of mind a difficult matter."

"Pshaw!" said Heygate; "Gholam Singh knows better than to molest an Englishman. I am quite willing to take all risk on that head."

"Pardon me, my young friend; you are impetuous," answered Rajab. "I did not say that you would be molested. I merely intended to convey the hint that her in Dilnaghar those who offend His Highness have a bad time of it.

Nothing brutal, you know; the days of the bowstring are past. But a pinch of powdered glass or of something stronger in one's food; a quiet prod from a knife on that lonely road between here and Verawal—why, there was a hundred ways of doing it! You understand me, I see."

Heygate did understand. The price of refusing the post he had so eagerly sought would in all probability be secret assassination, carried out so skilfully that the cause of his death would never be known. But he wavered not for an instant.

"Go and tell your master," he repeated, "that I leave for Bombay to-night. Let him touch me at his peril."

"I will go; but I will give you an hour to think of it before I report to the Thakore. This is unfortunate, and might have been prevented had the Fakir Indraji not taken it into his silly old head to die this afternoon. We had hoped to get some hint from him, by force is necessary, as to the whereabouts of the secret treasure. He was the only man in Dilnaghar old enough to remember the sack of the city. Think better of your resolve, my brave friend!" and with a courtly bow the plausible Rajab departed.

The news of the Fakir's death did not surprise Heygate, and he had other matters to think of. His best plan would be to start at once before the hour's grace was up, and get as far as he could on the road to Verawal before Gholam had heard of his defection. Thank goodness, he had his revolver, and he would sell his life dearly if any hired ruffians attacked him by the way.

Putting his hand in his pocket to see if the pistol was safe, his fingers came in contact with the quill which the Fakir had given him earlier in the day. Now that the old man was dead, he remembered he was at liberty to open it, and, idly curious as to what he should find inside, he broke the seals.

A tiny scrap of discolored paper covered with Guzerati characters rewarded his search. It was lucky for Heygate that his studies with a view to securing a Staff appointment had included a smattering of the language. With amazement gradually dawning into appreciation of the vast importance of the paper, this is what he read:

"I, the Vazir Khanji, in future to be known as Indraji the Fakir, write this. The hosts of the conquering Feros are at hand. I have builded up the treasure in the city wall in order to save it from his despoiling hands. The stone in which my shackle is fixed is the key of the hiding-place. Remove the stone, and the wealth of Dilnaghar will be found. While I have life, I guard it from the extortioner. When I die, it shall belong to whomsoever I shall give this paper."

So the aged Fakir stood revealed as none other than the Vazir Khanji, who nearly seventy years before had sat him down in this mean guise to guard his slaughtered master's wealth from the invader. What a record that brief paper held of fidelity to his self-imposed trust!

And to think that he, Basil Heygate, had chanced upon the old man in his need, and had thus become possessed of information which would mean the difference between life and death to him.

Well he knew he could never disinter the hidden hoard from the city wall unaided, but at least it would enable him to make terms with the Thakore, which would get him safely out of the country, and at the same time benefit the unhappy inhabitants by relieving their ruler's exchequer.

Heygate's action was prompt. He sent his attendant for Rajab, and astonished that official with the news that the secret of the treasure was known to him, of course suppressing any allusion to Indraji.

The terms he offered to Gholam were these: in order to insure his own safety against any treachery, he would communicate with the authorities in Bombay as to his whereabouts, asking that Gholam Singh might be held accountable if he did not return in given time.

On receipt of a reply, he would divulge the hiding-place of the treasure on condition of receiving one-tenth part of the value. This arrangement he insisted on having under Gholam's own signature; and he enclosed it with his letter to Bombay—only to be opened in case of his non-return.

He had no fear as to the safety of his letter, as the Thakore was in much too great a hurry to finger the spoil to put any obstacle in its way, and as long as Heygate alone knew the secret he was safe.

In ten days an acknowledgment of the letter arrived. Within an hour Heygate conducted the Thakore and his ministers to the spot where the man they had known as Indraji had sat so long. The ring which had encircled the Fakir's neck had been cut through in order to remove the body, but the stump of the staple still projected from the wall.

"There!" said Heygate. "Remove that stone, and your quest will be at an end."

The masons whom they had brought set to work with a will; and as the crowbars chinked and the great stone began to show signs of moving, the young man's excitement was almost painful.

What if Indraji's story was a fiction, after all? Even the fear of the Government would hardly save him from the Thakore's first burst of disappointed rage. But relief came at last; the great stone moved, and toppling forward revealed a sight which struck the bystanders dumb.

There, in a vast hollow, of which the stone had been merely the doorway, were piled vessels of gold and silver, heaps of precious stones and glittering gems, which had broken loose from the rotting bags that had contained them, an avalanche of gold mohurs that had been apparently shovelled in like chaff, and several chests which spoke of still richer treasures to be explored.

Heygate had hardly given a thought to his stipulated tenth share hitherto, expecting at the most a few thousand rupees, welcome but not omnipotent. Now he knew that a tithe of all that shining wealth would save his career, and send him back to the regiment he loved so well with more than enough for his needs.

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Three days later, when the hoard had been valued, Heygate was escorted to the city gate with much pomp by the Thakore in person. In his knapsack he had a draft on His Highness' Bombay agents for seven lacs of rupees—the equivalent of fifty thousand pounds. Arrived at the memorable archway, the final parting took place. "I hope," said the retiring Sirdar, "that Your Highness will not now find it necessary to harry the Begum Luxmeebhai or any of your subjects. The Government would be sorry to hear of it."

To this diplomatic hint Gholam Singh replied suavely enough: "I am a beneficent ruler, my friend; my people will participate in the wealth you have brought us. Thanks to you, Dilnaghar will be a paradise of content."

But a subterranean scowl struggled bravely with the smile on His Highness' face; and as Heygate turned his horse's head for the road along which he had tramped footsore and sick at heart three weeks before, he thought with satisfaction of the letter and agreement lying at Bombay. They stood between him and—well, His Highness the Thakore's pleasure.

A King's Vision.

BY T. CHAMBERS.

THE father of the heroic Charles XII. of Sweden is known in history as one of the most despotic monarchs of that country.

On an autumn evening, shortly after the death of his wife Ulrica—a princess, by the way, whose days were said to have been shortened by his harshness—Charles XII. was sitting before a large fire in the library of his palace at Stockholm. Day by day since his bereavement he had grown more gloomy and taciturn, devoting himself to affairs of State with an industry that bespoke a mind ill at ease.

On the evening in question his companion, or attendants, were but two—his favorite Chamberlain, Count Brahe, and his Doctor, Baumgarten. The latter had the reputation of being a sceptic in everything except his own art.

The evening wore on; yet the king, who usually retired early, made no sign to his attendants to leave him. With his head sunk deep on his chest and his eyes fixed on the glowing embers, he maintained a profound silence.

The Chamberlain had hinted more than once that His Majesty needed repose. Charles signified dissent by a gesture only. Baumgarten ventured at last to speak of the harm such vigils bring even to the robust.

"Stay where you are; I am not sleepy," muttered the monarch through his clenching teeth.

Several attempts to get up a conversation between the pair of attendants followed, each a more dismal failure than its predecessor. The king was evidently in one of his blackest moods, and the courtiers' task both delicate and difficult.

Brahe, thinking he had fathomed the cause of his sovereign's gloom, gazed fixedly at a portrait of Queen Ulrica that hung above the mantelpiece. Heaving a deep sigh, he said: "What a splendid likeness!—the mingled dignity and sweetness"——

"Bah!" interrupted the king rudely; "it is much too flattering. The queen was plain." Then, as if vexed with himself, he rose and walked about the room, endeavoring to hide feelings of which he was ashamed.

The present palace of the kings of Sweden was not in existence in those days. Charles XI. lived in the old palace at the end of the Ritterholm, facing Lake Mælar.

This huge edifice was built in the shape of a horse-shoe; the king's library—from the window of which Charles was looking—was at one end of the curved wing; the Hall in which the Swedish Estates assembled to receive a message from the Crown was at the other.

To the king's surprise, he perceived this Hall to be illuminated. The light might proceed from a servant's flambeau; but what could a servant be about at such an hour in such a place?

The Hall had not been opened for months; moreover, the light was too steady and without smoke for conflagration. The king gazed at the spectacle some moments in silence, then he summoned his companions by a word to his side. "what—who is yonder?" he said, pointing to the illuminated windows opposite.

Each declared himself wholly unable to explain or understand the sight, and the Chamberlain would have a page to go and learn its cause, had not the king stopped him.

"I prefer to learn it for myself," he said; and though his cheek was pale and his face troubled, his step was firm as he left the library, proceeded, as his command, by his two attendants, each bearing a light. The warder, an old man, had retired to rest some hours; and his surprise was great when Count Brahe roused him to desire that he would open for the king the door of the Council-chamber immediately.

With a bunch of keys he was soon in readiness, and, at the king's bidding, opened without delay the door of a long gallery leading to the Hall. As they entered it, all stood still, the walls from floor to ceiling were draped in black.

"Who ordered this?" demanded Charles in an angry voice.

"No one, sire," stammered the warder in amazement. "All was as usual a week ago, when I swept the gallery; and those hangings"—he turned from them to gaze on the king steadfastly—"they never were in Your Majesty's Store Chamber."

Charles walked rapidly forward without speaking, closely followed by his three attendants. As they neared the Hall, a brilliant shaft of light shot beneath the double leaves of the great oaken door.

"In God's name, Sire," cried the warder, holding back, "go no further! Here is sorcery!"

"Stop, sire!" urged the Count at the same moment. "Who knows what danger you are braving!"

"Permit me, at least," added, Baumgarten in tremulous tones, "to fetch hither a company of Your Majesty's grenadiers!"

"Silence!" said Charles sternly.—"Open this door, warder, at once!"

The old man endeavored to obey, but his fingers shook so that he could not—or perhaps would not—fit the key into the lock.

"An old soldier, and afraid!" said Charles with scorn. "—Come, Count, undo this door for me!"

"Sire, bid me march to the mouth of a German cannon, and I will not hesitate," protested Brahe; "but to defy the powers of hell"——

The king snatched the key from the warder's shaking fingers. "I see," he said, "I must be my own seneschal."

In a moment he had fitted the key, turned it, and thrown wide open both leaves of the ponderous oak portal.

The Hall was ablaze with countless lights; and here, as in the gallery, the old figured tapestry was replaced from roof to floor with hangings of the deepest black. Flags and ensigns hung round the Hall, the trophies of the victories of the great Gustavus—Danish, Russian, with Germans; but wherever a Swedish flag appeared it was draped in funeral crape.

The Hall was filled by a vast assembly, the four Estates sitting in due order of precedence on the accustomed benches, as it appeared, and every person was in deepest mourning.

Yet, brilliant as was the light, their pallid faces shone so bewilderingly against the sombre background, that neither of the four witnesses of the scene was able to distinguish a single countenance.

Seated on the throne was a blood-stained corpse, arrayed in the robes and decked with the insignia of royalty. At its right hand stood a child, crowned, and bearing an orb and sceptre in his hand. At its left, and leaning for support against the throne, was the phantom of an aged man. Seated at a table beneath the throne were men like judges, robed in black; and between them and the first row of benches stood a block, covered with crape; an axe lay beside it.

As the king and his attendants gazed in speechless amazement at the spectacle, the oldest of the judges rose and smote the volume on the table before him three times with his shadowy hand. A side-door opened, and youths richly apparelled and of noble carriage entered. All had their hands bound behind their backs.

A thick-set man in a leathern jerkin followed, holding in his hands the ends of the ropes that bound them. As the youth who entered first halted in front of the block—which he seemed to regard with a proud disdain—the corpse on the throne was seen to tremble convulsively.

The young man knelt and stretched out his head—the axe flashed—the head fell, rebounded and rolled to the feet of Charles. Hitherto he had stood motionless; but at this fearful sight, the king, gathering his energies, pronounced in a loud voice the formula: "If ye are of heaven, speak! If of hell, depart, and leave us in peace!"

At the sound of his voice the figures before him waned and faded, taking the appearance of colored shadows ere they vanished altogether. Then a voice was heard crying: "Woe! woe! woe to the House of Vasa!" As it ceased, the mysterious lights disappeared, and those still carried by the Doctor and the Chamberlain fell upon nothing but the empty Council-chamber, its ancient tapestry lightly shaken by the nightwind.

A faint sound—resembling, according to one of the witnesses, the vibration of a harp-string broken in the tuning; according to another, the sighing of a breeze among pine-trees—still lingered a short time in the apartment. All agreed as to the length of time the apparition had lasted—that, from beginning to end, it could not have been sustained less than ten minutes.

When the king and his companions regained the library, Charles remained some time lost in thought; then he dictated a precise account of what had been presented to him; his attendants signed it, he also.

Although every precaution was taken to prevent the contents of this document getting abroad, yet even in the king's lifetime they became known. The document itself is said to be still in existence, nor, so far as we are aware, has its authenticity ever been doubted. It ends in the following solemn words: "If what I have here set down is not the exact truth, I renounce all hopes of that better life which perhaps may be vouchsafed to me for some good actions, and above all for my zeal in working for the happiness of the people entrusted to my care, and in defence of the religion of my forefathers."

If the circumstances of the death of Gustavus III. and the execution of his assassin, Ankerstroom, be compared with the prophetic vision, they will be seen to correspond closely. The child standing by the royal corpse would be his son and successor, Gustavus Adolphus IV.; while the old man, supporting himself by the throne would be the Duke of Sudermania, Regent, and, after the deposition of his nephew, the king of Sweden.

Lovers are prone to self-depreciation. Said he, tenderly, as they sat looking at the stars, "I do not understand what you can see in me that you love me." "That's what everybody says," gurgled the ingenuous maiden. Then the silence became so deep that you could hear the stars twinkling.

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

The late Daniel Drew, of New York, is reputed to have been the originator of that familiar phrase used in the financial world, "stock watering." He is said to have fed the cattle he had for sale with liberal doses of salt, thereby creating a thirst which was gratified only by copious draughts of water, that helped to increase the weight of the beasts when they were sold. And it was in the Erie road that Mr. Drew proved his ability to reproduce the tricks of a cattle dealer in railway management.

There is more than one way of applying for an office, as the private secretary of one of the Cabinet officers has found out. He has also discovered that some people place a high value on their applications. One day an express messenger appeared with a package addressed to him personally, and marked to the effect that the value of the enclosure was $100,000. For one fond moment he dreamed that he had won the commendation of some wealthy benefactor, who had testified his regard by sending this valuable gift. He cut the strings and tore open the wrappers in haste to find nothing but a petition for an office—not of any particular office, even, but for an office in general.

"Carmen Sylva," the royal authoress, not her husband, the King of Roumania, in quite a romantic way. As a girl of seventeen she was running down the staircase of the palace at Berlin when her foot slipped on the marble, and she would have fallen to the floor below, but at the moment Prince Charles of Hohenzollern stepped from an anteroom and caught her in his arms. She did not accept him, although he made her the offer at once. In joke—for it was then most unlikely—she said she preferred to remain queen of herself, but if she became queen of any country at all she would prefer Roumania. Eight years afterwards the beautiful Carmen was married to Prince Charles, who had been proclaimed King of Roumania, and thus she realized her ambition.

Captain West, in the year 1610, bought the present site of Richmond, Va., for "some coppers." The Dutch Governor, Minuit, bought the whole of Manhattan Island, the present site of the city of New York, "for 60 Dutch gilders, some of them being of a doubtful metal." Lord Baltimore's company bought thousands of acres of fine lands for less than that number of glass beads, including a site of the city of Christiana, "for which was paid one iron kettle of the bigness of five quarts or thereabouts." Roger Williams bought Rhode Island, "Little Rhody," for "40 fathoms of white beads, strung." It has only been 225 years, this spring since the site of New Haven, Conn., was bought for "12 coats of English cloth, 12 spoons of mixed metal, 12 hoes, 12 hatchets, 12 porringers, 24 knives and some French knives and spoons."

Professor Tyndall, upon one occasion, was to deliver a lecture in a certain town, and, on the day in question, visited the lecture-hall during the afternoon, as lecturers usually do, to make various arrangements. The place, of course, was empty; no one was present save the caretaker, who was busy over his dusting at the far end of the hall. Happening to look up from his work, however, the caretaker was surprised to see the learned professor assiduously vaulting backward and forward over his table, for some seemingly incomprehensible reason. The explanation of this little performance was quite simple, and was forthcoming during the course of the lecture in the evening, when, chancing—by accident, of course—to knock over some of his paraphernalia, the agile professor, amid appreciative applause, lightly leaped over the table, and as lightly leaped back again. There is nothing like being prepared for these little accidents. As Sydney Smith said, some of his best impromptus took him years to prepare.

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BY JOSIAH ALLEN'S WIFE

(MARIETTA HOLLEY)

The book was written under the inspiration of a summer season 'mid the world of fashion at Saratoga, the proudest pleasure resort of America, where Princes of the old world, with Congressmen, Presidents, Millionaires, Railroad Kings, and Princes of Commerce of our own great nation with their wives, their beautiful daughters, and all the gayest butterflies of fashion luxuriate in Friday breezes, display their personal charms, costly jewels, exquisite equipages, and revel in

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"Well, she had her skirts all on when I went in, all but [illegible] and she [illegible] down to the carpet, a glitterin' pile of pink [illegible] with lace and [illegible].

"At last Miss Flamm spoke and says she as she [illegible] glass, 'How do you like my dress?'

"'Oh!' says I, wantin' to make myself agreeable, 'the skirts are beautiful, I [illegible] how the [illegible] looks, you [illegible] you got your waist on.'

"'My [illegible].' 'You [illegible] have got it [illegible].'

"'Whom is it?' says I, a lookin' at her closer through my [illegible] the waist.'

"'Why,' says she, a pintin' to a pink belt ri[illegible] of beads over each shoulder.

"Says I, 'Miss Flamm, do you call that a w[illegible]'

"Says she, 'Miss Allen, don't you see you are goin' down into that [illegible] promiscuous men and wimmen, with nothin' but them strings to cover you?' Says I, 'Do you tell me that and you a perfesser and a C[illegible]'

"Yes," says she, "I paid $300 for this dress, and it haint likely I am going to miss [illegible]

OPINIONS OF CRITICS.

"For people in search of [illegible] Josiah Allen's Wife."—*Hall Caine.*

[illegible] *Queen Victoria.*

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CHINESE PROVERBS.—A people so old as the Chinese have had a good deal of experience, and it is the wisdom gained by experience that goes into the making of proverbs. Some of our most familiar maxims of conduct are repeated in Chinese, such as "Man proposes, Heaven disposes," "Do as you would be done by," and "Practice makes perfect." Others of our proverbial sayings will be found paralleled, as in the following instances:

Our "Necessity is the mother of invention" has the equivalent, "Need breeds device;" our "Haste makes waste" has "Urgent spinning makes bad yarn;" our "If you mount a horse you must ride him" has "He who bestrides a tiger finds it hard to dismount;" our "Pot calling the kettle black" has "The tortoise laughing at the turtle for having no hair;" our "Looking for a needle in a hay-stack" has "Dredging the sea for a pin;" our "Handsome is that handsome does" has "Looks are born in the heart."

They say "Tinder should not be stored near a fire;" "A red-nosed man will be considered a drunkard, whether he tastes wine or not;" "Cutting off the nose does not remedy a bad odor;" "When the mule is beaten, the hare is frightened also;" "It is hardly worth while playing a guitar to an ox;" "If you cannot have the dumpling, it is something to have the soup in which it was boiled." An improvident man is spoken of as one who waits till he is thirsty before digging a well; a prudent man as one who waits to see his guest before spreading his feast; an unreasoning man as one who cuts down a tree in order to catch the bird perched on its branch, or as one who breaks up his furniture in order to kill the rat concealed therein.

Our Young Folks.

"THIS HOUSE TO LET."

BY L. P.

"IF it wanted to rain, why couldn't it rain yesterday?" said Horace.

"Or this morning," said Bertie.

Kenneth said nothing, but he looked very cross as he stood by the window, both hands thrust into his pockets, staring out at the rain, and watching the big drops chase one another down the window-pane.

"Perhaps it's only a shower," said Horace.

"A very heavy one," said Bertie dolefully.

"It certainly was disappointing. The rain was coming down as if it never meant to stop any more, and the very next day the boys were to return to school.

Horace took up a book and tried to read.

Bertie picked up his hat from the floor, and laid it across his knees; but Kenneth did not move from the window.

There was a sound of the front door shutting quickly.

"Aunt Isabella," said Horace.

"Now, boys, don't get into mischief," began Bertie in a gruff voice.

"I am obliged to go out, but I shall only be an hour," said Kenneth, in a gruffer voice.

And then the three naughty boys laughed.

"It is too bad to laugh at her; she means to be kind," said Horace.

"But somehow she doesn't manage it," said Bertie.

"Oh dear! look at the rain," said Horace, yawning.

"And I wanted to play all the afternoon," said Bertie.

"So did I," said Kenneth. "I thought we should have been able to finish the match. I saved these big pieces of paper for scoring."

At last one of Kenneth's hands came out of his pocket, and he held up a piece of white paper.

"That's no use now," said Horace, as the paper fluttered to the ground; "there will be no scoring this afternoon."

But as the paper fell, it turned over, and as it turned over the boys caught sight of some big letters printed on it.

"This House to Let," read Horace. "Inquire—it doesn't say where people are to inquire."

"'Within,' of course," said Bertie "it nearly always says 'Inquire Within' on these bills."

Kenneth picked up the bill, and wrote "Within" after "Inquire" with the stump of an old pencil.

"Now, the only thing to be done," said Bertie with a broad smile, "is to stick it up in the window."

"What fun it would be if anyone did 'Inquire Within!'" said Kenneth.

"Well, stick it up, and see what happens," said Bertie.

The three boys set to work to fasten up the bill in the front window.

"There," said Kenneth; "now we will watch."

But there were few people out of doors, and after a quarter of an hour's watching the boys left the window. It was raining very slightly, and Bertie proposed that they should get ready to go out. He ran into the hall to fetch his cap, and he was searching for it busily, when there was a loud rat-a-tat-tat at the door.

"It's Aunt Isabella," said Kenneth. "Let her in Bertie."

"It's somebody for the house to let," said Horace. "Open the door quickly, and bring them in here."

"All right; I'll go," called Bertie to the housemaid. Then he opened the door. A little old lady stood on the door-step, holding a very wet umbrella in her hand.

"If you please, does——" she began.

But Bertie did not give her time to ask questions.

"Please step inside," he said. "The lady of the house is out, but I can tell you all about it."

He seized the wet umbrella, and put it in the stand; then he pointed to the sitting-room door, which Kenneth was holding open, and hurried the old lady into the room.

The little old lady sank into a chair, feeling very much out of breath. She had not expected such a warm welcome when she had stood outside in the rain knocking at the door.

The boys looked at her, and then at one another. Bertie began to feel decidedly uncomfortable: there was not a smile on Horace's face and Kenneth fidgeted about, standing first on one foot, and then on the other.

There was silence for a whole minute—such a long minute it seemed to Bertie; then at last, after many pokes and nudges from the other two, Kenneth said very politely—

"It's a very nice house."

The little old lady raised her head and stared at him. Then she took her spectacles out of her pocket, wiped them carefully, put them on her nose, and stared at Kenneth once more.

"I'm sure it must be," she said slowly. "How very like——"

"A small castle," said Bertie, smiling, "yes, we all think it's like a castle, because of the turrets; and Aunt Isabella is so like the——"

A push from behind sent Bertie tumbling over a footstool, and prevented his finishing his sentence.

The little old lady took very little notice. She started when Bertie said "Aunt Isabella," and kept repeating the name to herself.

"I wish she'd ask some questions," whispered Kenneth to Horace.

"I wish she'd go," whispered Horace. "Aunt Isabella will be back directly."

"Your Aunt Isabella is the lady of the house," said the little old lady slowly.

"Yes. She is out," said Kenneth, "but we can show you over the house, if you would rather not wait."

The old lady rubbed her glasses once more.

"I think I will wait," she said, and she leant back in her chair. "I am rather tired after my walk in the wet; but don't let me keep you indoors—it has stopped raining."

The boys looked out of the window: the shower was over, and the sun was shining brightly. They stood hesitating for a moment; then Kenneth beckoned to the others, and marched out of the room.

"What are we to do?" he said, as soon as they were outside.

"We must get her away before Aunt Isabella comes," said Bertie.

"I don't believe she came about the house to let," said Horace. "She didn't ask any questions about the accommodation or rent per annum," and Horace looked rather proud of himself for having remembered the long words.

Kenneth shook his head.

"She's either out of her mind, or"—and he turned quite white—"perhaps she's a thief. People do get into houses and take things."

"Then we mustn't leave her alone," said Horace. "We must see what she is doing."

"Perhaps she is stealing the things now," said Kenneth.

They listened at the door, but there was not a sound to be heard, so they quietly opened it. The old lady was fast asleep in the big armchair.

"Well!" said Kenneth.

"She doesn't look like a thief," said Horace.

The old lady woke with a start.

"Dear me! I quite lost myself," she said, "I was so tired. Has your aunt returned?"

The boys were about to say "No," when they heard Aunt Isabella's latch-key opening the front door.

Kenneth ran to the window and tore down the bill; Bertie placed himself in front of the door, as if he could prevent Aunt Isabella coming in; and Horace began talking quickly to the little old lady.

"If she hasn't seen the bill," he said, "don't tell her about it, will you? We only did it for fun, you know. Pretend you didn't come about the house to let."

"The house to let!" said the little old lady.

"Boys! boys!" It was Aunt Isabella's voice.

Bertie stepped away from the door, and Aunt Isabella, looking taller, more dignified, and crosser than ever, came into the room.

"Isabella," said the old lady, advancing to meet her, "do you remember your old schoolfellow?"

"Can it be Jane Maria?" said Aunt Isabella.

Then the tall old lady and the little old lady threw their arms round each other's necks, and kissed one another again and again.

The three boys crept quietly out of the room.

"Then she didn't come because of the bill," said Horace.

"An old schoolfellow?" said Bertie. "Fancy Aunt Isabella having an old schoolfellow?"

"I wonder if she saw the bill?" said Kenneth.

Fortunately for the boys, Aunt Isabella had been too full of her parcels to see the notice announcing that her own house was to be let.

And the little old lady only told how the boys had asked her in and given her a seat, and did not tell anything else: partly because she was a kind old lady, and did not like getting boys, even naughty ones, into trouble, and partly because she did know what to tell, for she had not in the least understood Horace's speech about the House to Let.

ON MAN-EATING REPTILES.

'The popular concept of a reptile embodies the very presentment and incarnation of that which is hurtful, repulsive, and, above all, aggressive. Serpents are endowed with venom to enable them to wreak destruction on the human and every other race with which they are brought into contact, or—under the most charitable ascriptions—are provided with the same as a means of self-defence.'

Crocodiles and alligators are always on the chase for man, if they do not prey exclusively upon him; and the minor members of the scaly tribe are regarded with a vague sense of disfavor, grounded, no doubt, on that involuntary antipathy which lies outside the province of reason or the will, but capable, nevertheless, of entertaining any evidence as to their misdeeds with a preconceived readiness to believe it.

From every part of the world where these creatures are found, we gather accounts, only too well authenticated, of human beings carried off and devoured by them. It is said that crocodiles kill more people annually in Africa than all the rest of the wild animals of that continent together; but then, the destruction of life by beasts of prey is not very great in Africa compared with what obtains in many other countries.

Still, the vast majority of reptiles may safely be pronounced to be innocuous to human beings, poisonous snakes of course constituting one, and much the greatest, exception. It would be foreign to the purpose of this paper to recapitulate the terrible records of death from the bite of these creatures in India; and in our consideration of reptiles likely to regard us from a dietetic point of view, we may dismiss in their entirety two of the four great orders of reptiles, the lizards and the chelonians.

Very difficult to answer is the query, Do snakes eat men? It is hardly necessary to say that the greatest anacondas of tropical America, the reticulated python and rock-snake of the East Indies, and the African pythons, some half-dozen species in all, can alone be taken into account in discussing this matter, as no others are of sufficient size to admit of their swallowing a human being. No serpent masticates or in any way subdivides its prey; whatever it takes in the shape of food it must bolt whole and entire; and this peculiarity excludes from our present consideration all the venomous snakes—none of which grow to more formidable dimensions than a length of twelve or fourteen feet at most, with the girth of a man's wrist—as well as the rank and file of the colubrine snakes and smaller constrictors. The boas, which seem to be regarded popularly as synonymous with all that is biggest in the serpent world, are comparatively small reptiles, of exceedingly beautiful coloration, confined to South and Central America, where a specimen of ten feet would be considered worthy of remark.

I believe we have no evidence whatever to justify us in assuming that these snakes are man-eaters, and that there is not a single authenticated instance of the sort on record. One cannot, of course, deny that the constrictors which I have specified as the giants of their race may and frequently do, attain such a size as would render them quite capable of the deglutition of an adult human being. The anaconda falls not far short of forty feet in the hot swamps of Brazil and the Isthmus and the West African python has been measured dead at thirty-three.

That such monsters as these could swallow men admits of no doubt whatever, any more than that they do occasionally in their wild state feed on deer and other large game.

I am persuaded that the most gigantic of serpents do not, in its native haunts, habitually take the large prey with which it is credited, and I know that in captivity they thrive infinitely better and live longer if fed on relatively small objects. The anaconda or rock-snake, whose size would permit the constriction and deglutition of an antelope, would probably be found to feed by choice on animals corresponding to rabbits and ducks, though he might affect heavier morsels if hard pressed; small fur and feather, however, would always be the more plentiful and more readily obtained.

THE WORLD'S HAPPENINGS.

A crocodile takes 80 seconds to turn round.

There are 60,000 telephones in use in London.

Wild geese fly from Florida to Connecticut in 14 hours.

The mayor of Abilene, Kansas, receives a yearly stipend of $1.

Brownville, Neb., has for Mayor a colored man named Henry Brown.

There are 43 mountains 6000 feet high and upwards in North Carolina.

A. Countryman is the name of a poultry raiser near Anniston, Alabama.

Gas motors will replace horse cars on the north and west sides of Chicago.

It is said that an "ocean racer" burns about $13,000 worth of coal every trip.

It takes 100 gallons of oil a year to keep a large-sized locomotive in running order.

One hundred Scottish Highlanders will help to represent Scotland at the World's Fair.

A widower 40 years old, having eight children, was married to a 15-year-old girl at Tweed, Ga., recently.

A young woman who is under arrest in Augusta, Ga., for bombarding houses with rocks, says that she did it for sport.

Dr. Oppel, the great German geographer, says that 1,700,000 square miles of the earth are still uninhabited or ownerless.

Ex-Mayor Matteson, of Abilene, Kansas, who retired the other day, received but $3 salary for the three years he was in office.

A number of students attending the Mt. Pleasant, Michigan, High School have been suspended for singing "Ta-ra-ra-boom-de-ay."

Miss Mary Willis, of Upson county, Ga., is 28 years old, weighs 50 pounds, and has 5 joints in each arm and 7 joints in each lower limb.

There is a liquor saloon for every 93 persons in San Francisco; in Albany, one for every 110 persons; and in New Orleans, one for every 121 persons.

Mrs. P. Busch, of Columbus, Indiana, is the owner of a parrot that, it is claimed, is 50 years old. The bird is said to be able to swear in six different languages.

A crystal maze is one of the novelties of New York. The maze is constructed with apparently numberless mirrors, in which the wanderer finds himself reflected in every direction.

A pretty idea in vogue by the Michigan Central Railroad is to present to each of its women passengers a boutonniere. The company has extensive conservatories at Niles, Mich.

A family named Fox has been settled on a farm on the Duke of Devonshire-Hatherage estate for over 800 years, and there is a legend to the effect that the founder of the house came over with William the Conqueror.

Some one interested in the subject has compiled a list of marriages between American society girls and foreigners, and has found that English noblemen have captured by marriage with American women about $30,000,000 of our cold cash.

A fake cat, covered with calico, placed in the window of a Westminster, Md., residence, frightens away the English sparrows, which before the advent of the make-believe pussy filled the trees near the house and kept up an endless twittering.

A hen owned by a Mr. Baldwin, at Marion, Indiana, has, her owner states, laid 365 eggs in as many consecutive days. When the hen began the task last summer she was of black color, but is now, it is further said, completely white in color.

In the small hotels in Russia each visitor is expected to find his own bedclothing. The rooms mostly contain wooden benches, which act as seats and beds, and on which there is a covering of straw. The bedclothing of poor travelers generally consists of but rugs and wraps.

A new notion which might be applied to some of the restaurant menus for the benefit of customers untutored in French, is to have the dishes numbered, as well as titled in an unknown tongue. "You may bring me 8, 10 and 14," is vastly easier to a good many persons who blunder out in Anglicized phrase the teasing French designations.

Four boys, with an aggregate cash capital of 56 cents, left New York a few days ago for Chicago to see the World's Fair. Now one of them lies badly wounded in a hospital, having been struck by a railroad train; one is in charge of a society, and the other two are safely home, having backed out before crossing the North River.

Some forty girls in the Ohio Wesleyan University lately subjected five of their number to hazing, painting their persons with nitrate of silver in a way to cause agony and leave permanent scars. Inspired by the brilliant idea, the young men of the institution have repeated it on five of their own sex, disfiguring the victims' faces so seriously that suits for damages aggregating $100,000 have been brought against the hazers.

A BOAT.

BY CECIL LORRAINE.

A boat went drifting slowly,
Over the starlit sea,
And I watch'd beneath the moonlight,
And wonder'd dreamily,
Having no arm to guide her,
Having no hand to steer,
To what unknown rocks beyond us
She is drifting—passing here.

No need to watch her further,
For I could never tell
If she found a quiet haven,
Or went out with the swell.
I think our souls resemble,
On life's strange sea afloat,
In drifting—sailing—anchoring,
That solitary boat!

OF SMALL THINGS.

An article of small value but of large production is wooden spoons, made in Russia. We see nothing of them in this country, unless at some of the Russian stalls in an Exhibition, where those painted and decorated wooden spoons are bought as cheap curiosities. They are largely exported to Persia. About 120 million of these spoons are made every year, selling wholesale at from nine to twenty-four shillings the thousand. They give employment to large numbers, as in the subdivision of labor they pass through many hands; one workman cutting the wood into lengths, another shaping the spoon in the rough, a third hollowing it out, and a fourth painting and varnishing it.

It is said of some men that they are born with a silver spoon in their mouth; and of others, with a wooden one; but the Yankee had no spoon at all, for he was apparently born with a jack-knife in his mouth, so fond is he of whittling. He cannot see a newly-planed board but he must try the sharpness of his knife upon it.

There is one production of wood which ought to silence all cavil at the importance of American "notions," and that is wooden shoe-pegs, of which a single State makes about fourteen thousand bushels annually, valued at four thousand pounds.

A story is told of an American shoemaker who purchased of a pedlar half a bushel of shoe-pegs, all neatly sharpened at one end, and warranted to be of the best maple wood. He found them on close inspection, to be nothing but pine. Not caring to be taken in and done for after this fashion, and being constitutionally fond of whittling, he went at them with his jack-knife, and sharpening the other end of each peg, resold them to the pedlar on his next trip for oats.

Forty years ago the quantity of wooden shoe-pegs dealt in here was twelve hundred tons, valued at about five dollars a ton; and although they have been much superseded in the shoemaking trade, the quantity used is still very large. In the East, pegs of bamboo have always been used for fastening the chests and other wooden packages.

The little whitewood toothpick pointed at both ends was patented in America in 1806, and would seem a small article to create a monopoly in; yet the factory at Bucksfield, Maine, used up many thousand cords of wood every year in the manufacture of this small article. The cord of wood consists of a thousand billets or four loads.

Owing to the substitution of steel pens for quill pens, other uses have had to be found for the goose-quill, and now they are converted into bristles for brushes, toothpicks, fishing floats, fuses for guns, and hair-pencil holders.

In one establishment in Paris 250,000 toothpicks per day are now made of quills, or considerably more than a hundred million yearly. Each woman engaged can fill twenty boxes in a day, containing forty small bundles of twenty toothpicks each, or eight hundred toothpicks per box.

Some of the principal hotels and restaurants in Europe and in this country require their address printed on the toothpicks used by their guests; and in Spain and her colonies it is customary to have all kinds of gallant devices, or mottoes, impressed on them by a machine which makes letters and figures on the pen-quills.

In China an enormous trade is done in firecrackers, not only for local use, but for shipment to India and America, in boxes of about forty packets.

Bran, the exterior husk or refuse in grinding wheat, one would have thought to be a very unimportant article, and yet Holland ships about 32,000 tons, valued at $350,000. It is used to some extent for feeding stock, by tanners and calico-printers, and for filling dolls and cushions.

A very tiny article is the egg of the silkworm, not bigger than an ordinary pin's head, and yet an enormous trade is carried on in rearing them. Each moth lays from two to three hundred eggs, and it takes about thirty-four thousand to weigh an ounce. Some years ago, when there was a disease in the European silkworm, it was deemed necessary to import fresh "grain," or "seed," as it is technically termed, from Japan. The importance of the trade may be estimated from the fact that there was introduced in the ten years ending with 1872 about four million ounces of silkworm's eggs to Italy and France, the aggregate cost of which was $35,000,000.

It is not necessary to touch here upon the modern utilization of waste substances. But there is one that was long looked upon as a nuisance and encumbrance—sawdust. This is produced in large quantities at the numerous sawmills in America and Europe on the banks of rivers and lakes. The law forbids it to be thrown into the streams, as injurious to fish, and the steam-mills are unable to burn all their waste. Its chief use formerly was for packing blocks of ice, strewing cellars, etc.; but lately it has been found possible to compress it into the solid form of paper-pulp and roofing-boards.

Among other small things which have a commercial value are the seeds of the cones of various pines, largely eaten at present in Italy and the north of Europe and various parts of America, where they form indeed the chief food of different tribes of Indians. Another seed of trivial value, melon seeds, totally neglected in Europe, forms a considerable article of commerce in the various Chinese ports, and in some of them exceeding three to four thousand hundredweight yearly. They are eaten at dessert. The seeds of flowers of the various water-lilies also there form considerable articles of food.

Grains of Gold.

Prejudice is the yellow jaundice of judgment.

Some men, like pictures, are fitter for a corner than a full light.

Let no one overload you with favors; you will find it an insufferable burden.

Learn the art, to be preferred before all others, of being happy when alone.

It is no point of wisdom for a man to beat his brains about things impossible.

A compliment is usually accompanied with a bow, as if to beg pardon for saying it.

Repentance without amendment is like continually pumping without stopping the leak.

Promises made in the time of affliction require a better memory than people commonly possess.

Nature has given us two ears and but one tongue, in order that we may repeat but one half of what we hear.

If the key-note of all your conduct to others had its spring in a fine self-reverance, there would be no discourtesies.

As the shadow of the sun is largest when his beams are lowest, so we are always least when we make ourselves the greatest.

Hearken, therefore, to the voice of consideration; her words are the words of wisdom, and her paths shall lead thee to safety and truth.

A very wise man will always have sense enough to see that he is a great deal of a fool; but a very great fool always looks upon himself as a very wise man.

Femininities.

"What a change one little woman can make in a man's life!" exclaims the moralist. "Yes," sighed Dubkins; "and what a deal of change she requires while doing it!"

When the forenoons of life are wasted there is not much hope of a peaceful and fruitful evening. Sun-risings and sun-settings are closely connected in every experience.

Brownson: "That was a queer inscription Enpec put on his wife's tombstone," Longnecker: "What was it?" "'Tis better to have loved and lost than never to have loved at all."

Let us never forget that every station in life is necessary; that each deserves our respect; that not the station itself, but the worthy fulfilment of its duties, does honor to a man.

A candidate for office in Amherst, Virginia, states that he has a fine lot of Newfoundland puppies to exchange for votes. Only fifty votes or their equivalent will be required to secure a puppy.

Japanese women are merry little creatures, with sparkling, laughing eyes. The best writings of the country are from their pens. The girls age rapidly, and soon lose their beauty, but never their vivacity.

Nearly twelve hundred bunches of grapes ripened last season on the great vine at Hampton Court. They were sent to Queen Victoria. This vine is the largest in England, and is about one hundred and twenty-five years old.

A German authority says that almost a third of humanity speak the Chinese language; that the Hindoo language is spoken by more than 100,000,000 the Russian by 80,000,000, while the German is spoken by 57,000,000 tongues, and the Spanish by 48,000,000.

"Yes, I had all the fellows in town for my rivals when I was courting." "And yet you carried off the prize?" interrupted his enthusiastic friend. "Well," corrected the other slowly, if not severely, "I don't altogether know about that, but I married the girl."

Little Dot: "Mamma, isn't it impolite for folks to whisper?" Mamma: "Yes, my dear." "Well, Dick and Johnny has been whisperin' ever so long. They's in the nursery." "That is very impolite. Were you near them?" "Yes, mamma; I was peekin' through the keyhole."

An article is said to be on the market which consists of an aqueous solution of iodide of starch, and is "specially intended for love letters." In four weeks characters written with it disappear, preventing abuse of letters and doing away with all documentary evidence of any kind in the hands of the recipient.

A Parisian reporter has made the somewhat curious discovery that a large number of families in that city derive a comfortable income from supplying the medical students with snakes, salamanders, crickets, grasshoppers and bats. Cats and frogs for these gentlemen's experiments are regularly provided on the markets.

A book agent some time ago stopped at a house at Oakland, California, and asked the occupant to purchase a book. He not only refused, but "sic'd" his pet bull dog on the "b. a." After recovering, the agent sued the man and was recently awarded $500 damages by a jury. It would have been decidedly cheaper for the man to have bought the book, or, in fact, the agent's entire stock.

A story is told of Sully, the painter, a man distinguished for refinements of manners as well as success in art. At a party one evening Sully was speaking of a certain belle who was a great favorite. "Ah," says Sully, "she has a mouth like an elephant." "Oh! oh! Mr. Sully, how could you be so rude?" "Rude! ladies, rude! What do you mean? I say she has got a mouth like an elephant because it's full of ivory."

The ex-Empress Eugenie, when at Farnborough, goes daily to pray in the mortuary chapel near. Every one else is excluded while she is within. An armchair is placed at the foot of each of the two sarcophagi wherein lie the remains of Napoleon III. and the Prince Imperial; and first in one then in the other the Empress sits alone in prayer. Both tombs are decorated with floral wreaths and scattered flowers.

A rather romantic marriage took place at West Superior, Wisconsin, recently. The contracting parties were John Carver, an inmate of the hospital at that place, and Miss Clara Scott, of Armour, South Dakota. The couple were engaged to be married in the fall, and had kept their engagement a secret, but when the accident happened to her lover, and she was informed she could not nurse him unless a relative or wife, she married him.

The mayor of a small town on the frontier of France was very polite, particularly towards what is called the gentler sex. One day a lady with whom he war well acquainted called on him officially, to write out her passport. Although she abounded in physical discrepancies, she was vain to excess. Our mayor wrote out the requisite description of her personal appearance; and, when it came to describing her eyes, he wrote: "Eyes—dark, beautiful and full of expression, only one of them missing."

Masculinities.

Truth in the mind is only knowledge, but in the life is is power.

The man who will not improve his talents steals from himself.

A woman centenarian is reported to live alone in the mountains near Harriman, Tenn.

A mean man generally feels better when he meets a man who is meaner than himself.

When a man has run his race in this world and reaches the end, he is naturally out of breath.

The majority of men are too generous to keep more than a fraction of the ten commandments.

There is sometimes a glow of unintentional egotism in the remark "the fools are not all dead yet."

A father at Covington, Ky., recently chained his daughter to the floor to prevent her from eloping.

The latest idea in cradles is a self-rocking one with a phonograph attachment that sings lullabies.

When we take a glance around the world it is hard to believe in the theory of the survival of the fittest.

A Manayunk baggage smasher arrested for throwing his wife out of bed, pleaded that he dreamed he was on duty.

An experienced hotel clerk is authority for the statement that a woman around a hotel requires more attention than three men.

George Washington, colored, who was recently murdered at Thomasville, Ga., had been married three times, and was the father of 37 children.

A wonderful Liberty bell is to be cast soon at Troy, N. Y., containing among its souvenirs some wedding rings contributed by patriotic women.

"Say, Bobbie," said Mr. Sapheal, "what does your sister like best in the world? I want to send her a present." "Better send Mr. Harlow up to her; she's daft on him!" said Bobby.

John Washburn, a young boy, of West Union, Ohio, has become insane, the result of a "joke" played on him by some men who pretended they were going to have him arrested.

Djevad Pasha, the Grand Vizier of Turkey, refuses to keep a harem. He has but one wife, who, ever since he married her, many years ago, has possessed his undivided affection.

Henry Chapman, 75 years old, is a student of theology at Princeton Seminary. It has long been his wish to enter the ministry, but until recently he had no opportunity to gratify it.

A Quaker's advice to his son on his wedding-day: "When thee went a-courting, I told thee to keep thy eyes wide open; now that thee is married, I tell thee to keep them half shut."

Pet dogs are being dyed so as to harmonize with the color of the ladies' boudoir. They are dressed in tailor-made clothes. The fashionable coloring for a small white poodle is two shades of violet.

Delaware has a curious collection of old surnames. There is a family of Colts in Kent county; the Peppers and Mustards have long lived neighbors in Sussex, and there are Peaches in Newcastle county.

Women in Finland, it is said, compete with men as clerks, managers of limited corporations, doctors, dentists, house builders and bank cashiers, in which capacity they are found more honest than men.

Mrs. Lovejoy Aldrich, of Seattle, Wash., is a widow of a soldier of the Revolutionary war, and, by her second marriage, of a soldier of the war of 1812. She is the only woman known to the pension office who stands in this position.

A few weeks ago an English lady was obliged to pay $20 as damages for having given a good character to a servant whom she knew to be unfaithful. Her written recommendation enabled the servant to get a place, in which she proved unfaithful.

The city man who thinks he would like to move out into the suburbs and run a little flower and vegetable garden for pleasure after business hours this summer is very numerous just now. He is not the same man, however, who tried the experiment last year.

Dora: "How do you like my new slippers?" Cora: "Fine! I shall have to get a pair like them." Dora: "I am afraid you are too late. When I got these yesterday there were no larger sizes left." Cora: "Indeed! But weren't you lucky, though, to get the last large pair!"

Spanish papers say that two descendants of Columbus, Manuel and Maria Columbo, are at present inmates of the Asylum for the Homeless in the city of Cadiz. Incredible as the story sounds, it is said that years ago the two old people—who are brother and sister—were discovered begging bread in the streets of the Spanish city. It is claimed that documents in their possession prove their descent.

LATEST FASHION PHASES.

The summer girl this season is not going to be quite as fleecy and diaphanous in the way of gowns and hats as she was last summer, but the providence of fashion, who tempers the wind to the summer girl, has given her the daintiest and filmiest and most cobwebby parasols and shades

THE SUMMER GIRL HAS COME.

that ever were. Some of the coaching parasols and those to wear to the races and also everywhere where a particularly dressy effect is aimed at are so fine as to seem like cobwebs drawn over lilies in the nighttime, and when daylight comes the mystic veil is covered with gleaming dewdrops. The sheer white silk tissue is drawn over the delicate frame and bordered with a filmy ruffle, while imitation diamonds carry out the illusion.

There are others, also of tissue or some other transparent white stuff, and bordering the edges is a row of rainbow velvet, cut crosswise of the piece, so that it shades crosswise of the width. Others have this band set down each steel, which is pretty, and the pieces are placed carefully so that the shading comes exactly even. One style has the parasol of china crape, with an inserting of silk lace two inches wide, set in two inches from the edge, and this was finished by a very full ruffle of fine white lace. All lace used on parasols is of the lightest and filmiest description. The handles are long and white and beautifully ornamented, or of carved ivory. Indeed, I cannot remember seeing such delicate and rich parasols before.

For those who like them there are plaid surah parasols, some with a fringe in colors to match those in the silk, some with knife plaited ruffles and some plainly hemmed. The black rain parasol is about the same, except that the handles, I think, are rather longer than I have seen and very quaint, some of them even grotesque, in design. One had a horrid bulldog's head with the teeth out—not that I think a bulldog is so very horrid, but the carved (mis)representation of him was.

But the summer girls? Oh, yes. One I know will have a pale lilac china silk dotted like great crystal beads, and this will have a succession of 11 bias folds in clusters of three 2-inch ones and two wide ones on a plain umbrella skirt. The sleeves will be the drooping puff, with a yoke of figured silk in pale rose and green on a white ground. The lower portion of the bodice will be draped so as to leave a loose nestlike arrangement. Her hair will be dressed with one wicked little curl right down in the middle of her forehead, and her hat a corn colored and lilac crape halo.

The other one will have a "shot" taffetas, peachblow red and apple green. Around the bottom of the skirt are to be nine narrow flat ribbons and one puff of satin of the same shade an inch wide above the bands. This same style will be carried out for collars and yoke, which is of white canton crape. The sleeves are "balloon," with the forearm a succession of shirrings. The waist is a surplice opening over the white vest and fastening at the right side with a buckle and three loops of the silk. The hat to go with this is a chip poke, with bronze green plumes, and the "diamond" who will wear this to strike envy into the other summer girl's heart will do, as now she does, wear her hair in the quaintest little bowknot above the parting, which is really quite to one side.

The hats they will wear—these dainty summer girls—are what the French call "ravissante" and a dozen other appreciative names. The most remarkable thing about them is that the most of them look like regular little garden plots where blossoms crowd their pretty faces up through a tangle of grass, sorrel and burdock leaves. One is a tiny bed of velvety pansies and pearly lilies of the valley just growing up out of the straw and ribbon that made up the rest of the hat, which was of green and purple satin straw.

But the prettiest hat of all was made of black lace just "smothered" on to the frame, and lying in a slanting direction on the front of the crown was a large bunch of Scotch broom, its bright canary flowers actually seeming to exhale their delicious fragrance.

Odds and Ends.

ON A VARIETY OF SUBJECTS.

To Bleach Ivory.—Knife-handles, and other ivory articles, that have become yellow, may be bleached by placing them under a bell-glass in the sun. If the ivory is carved, and the crevices have become discolored and dirty, wash them with warm water and pumice stone, in powder. If very little soiled, moisten a piece of flannel with water, dip it in finely-powdered salt, and it will both cleanse and whiten the ivory.

To Prevent Smoky Wicks in Lamps.—Soak the wicks in strong vinegar, and dry them thoroughly before the fire. They seldom cause trouble by smoking after this treatment.

Lamp Chimneys.—If these are suffered to get burnt, or too much smoked, dissolve a lump of soda about the size of a bantam's egg, in a pint of hot water, add to it about a teaspoonful of oil of vitriol; let the lamp-chimney soak in it for an hour, turning if needful, rinse in clear water, and wipe dry with a soft cloth. Be very careful in handling the oil of vitriol, as it burns anything with which it comes in contact.

Preserving Grass and Flowers.—The German mode is to take large, shallow pans or boxes, and covering them a layer of the finest and dryest sand, to lay the grasses in this, and carefully sift in more sand till all are completely covered. The sand is then kept for some days exposed to slight heat, at the end of which process it is left to cool gradually, and the flowers or grasses, when taken out, are found to retain perfectly their natural form, and, with little difference, their own color also.

Cure for Indigestion.—Sufferers from indigestion are advised to try the following remedy:—Procure a small quantity of oil of cajeput, break up some pieces of loaf sugar quite small, that is, rather larger than a good size pea, on to one of these pieces put three or four drops of the oil of cajeput, and swallow, as you would a pill, immediately after a meal.

Airing Linen.—Many persons are unaware of the injury to health which arises from insufficient airing of personal or household linen. At most laundries they profess to send home linen ready aired, but on this no housekeeper should rely. A guard should be placed before a good fire, and the linen should be hung on a linen-horse, and carefully turned once or twice, to ensure its being put away aired. If the linen remains in the drawers or linen closet for more than a week in wet or damp weather, it should be again aired before using. Much care should be exercised in not placing the horse, with linen on it, too near to the fire; and a wire guard should always be used to prevent the chance of a spark or piece of gas coal popping out and setting fire to the linen, as airing linen or leaving it to dry before an unprotected fire, is the origin of many house burnings.

Stewed Carrots.—Take new carrots all of a size, trim them neatly, and parboil them for ten minutes in fast-boiling salted water; drain and put them, whole or cut in half, according to their size, into a saucepan with plenty of butter, white pepper, and salt to taste; add some finely-minced parsley and a few drops of lemon-juice, and keep shaking the saucepan on the fire until the carrots are quite done.

To Keep Corned Beef Juicy.—Always put corned beef back to keep until the next day in the liquor it was boiled in. Instead of the hard, brown, woody substance that is sometimes served as cold corned beef, kept in this way it will always be juicy, as it reabsorbs much of the richness from the liquor itself. Skim the liquor of course before setting it away, and it will keep as well in the pot it was boiled in as anything else. The tender part of the rump makes the best selection for salting.

Pain d'Espagne.—Take some slices of bread or French roll of two inches thick, cut them out in pieces about two inches square, scoop out a little in the middle with a smaller apple-corer, but do not go through; arrange your pieces close together in a rather shallow stewpan, and fill the holes up with preserved cherries, strawberries, or any preserve; pour claret on them till quite covered; let it boil fast on a clear fire till the wine is consumed and the bread has only a proper moisture. It must be eaten hot; put sugar over to taste. Take care not to break the pieces when arranging in a pyramid.

Soups.—There are many soups made without stock, and in cooking fish and oysters they may be so varied from day to day as not to pall upon the appetite. Here is a bean soup that is very good. One quart of beans must be soaked in fresh water over night. In the morning the water must be turned off and the beans put on over the fire in two quarts of boiling water. As soon as they have boiled the water is again turned off. The beans are covered this time with two quarts of boiling water and allowed to boil till they are a pulp. They are then put through a sieve, returned to the kettle and more water added till the soup is sufficiently thinned. Season with salt, pepper and butter. If tomatoes are liked a quart may be boiled and strained with the beans. It adds very much to the seasoning. Often the juice of half a lemon may be added to give a little tone.

Tomato soup without stock is also tasty and nutritious. Put the tomatoes from a quart can into a saucepan with a pint of water, into which put a small onion cut fine, a sprig of parsley and a bay leaf. Let all stew fifteen minutes, then put through a sieve; return the saucepan and put on the fire to boil. Rub together one tablespoonful of butter, add two of flour, and then stir into the boiling soup until smooth and add salt, pepper and one or two teaspoonfuls of sugar to taste.

Here is an excellent clam soup: Fifty clams are drained from their liquor and chopped fine. The liquor is put over the fire and when boiling a pint of water is added and the clams turned in with seasoning of pepper. This is left just to simmer, not to boil, and then two tablespoonfuls of butter and one pint of milk are added. When this is heated (it must not boil) it is poured over a dozen water crackers broken into the bottom of the tureen.

Green pea soup is made similar to bean soup. A quart of peas are boiled 20 minutes, started in cold water; they are then drained and pressed through a colander and with a quart of boiling water are put over the fire. A tablespoonful of butter and one of flour are rubbed together until smooth, then stirred into the boiling soup, and the seasoning of pepper and salt is added last. The yolks of two eggs may be beaten till very light and put into the tureen and the hot soup poured over. If canned peas are used they need no cooking before being put put through the colander.

PRIZES ON PATENTS.

HOW TO GET TWENTY-FIVE HUNDRED DOLLARS FOR NOTHING.

The Winner has a Clear Gift of a Small Fortune, and the Losers Have Patents that may Bring them in Still More.

Would you like to make twenty-five hundred dollars? If you would, read carefully what follows and you may see a way to do it.

The Press Claims Company devotes much attention to patents. It has handled thousands of applications for inventions, but it would like to handle thousands more. There is plenty of inventive talent at large in this country, needing nothing but encouragement to produce practical results. That encouragement the Press Claims Company proposes to give.

NOT SO HARD AS IT SEEMS.

A patent strikes most people as an appallingly formidable thing. The idea is that an inventor must be a natural genius, like Edison or Bell; that he must devote years to delving in complicated mechanical problems and that he must spend a fortune on delicate experiments before he can get a new device to a patentable degree of perfection. This delusion the company desires to dispel. It desires to get into the head of the public a clear comprehension of the fact that it is not the great, complex, and expensive inventions that bring the best returns to their authors, but the little, simple, and cheap ones—the things that seem so absurdly trivial that the average citizen would feel somewhat ashamed of bringing them to the attention of the Patent Office.

Edison says that the profits he has received from the patents on all his marvellous inventions have not been sufficient to pay the cost of his experiments. But the man who conceived the idea of fastening a bit of rubber cord to a child's ball, so that it would come back to the hand when thrown, made a fortune out of his scheme. The modern sewing-machine is a miracle of ingenuity—the product of the toil of hundreds of busy brains through a hundred and fifty years, but the whole brilliant result rests upon the simple device of putting the eye of the needle at the point instead of at the other end.

THE LITTLE THINGS THE MOST VALUABLE.

Comparatively few people regard themselves as inventors, but almost everybody has been struck, at one time or another, with ideas that seemed calculated to reduce some of the little frictions of life. Usually such ideas are dismissed without further thought.

"Why don't the railroad company make its car windows so that they can be slid up and down without breaking the passengers' backs?" exclaims the traveler. "If I were running the road I would make them in such a way."

"What was the man that made this saucepan thinking of?" grumbles the cook. "He never had to work over a stove, or he would have known how it ought to have been fixed."

"Hang such a collar button!" growls the man who is late for breakfast. "If I were in the business I'd make buttons that wouldn't slip out, or break off, or gouge out the back of my neck."

And then the various sufferers forget about their grievances and begin to think of something else. If they would sit down at the next convenient opportunity, put their ideas about car windows, saucepans, and collar buttons into practical shape, and then apply for patents, they might find themselves as independently wealthy as the man who invented the iron umbrella ring, or the one who patented the fifteen puzzle.

A TEMPTING OFFER.

To induce people to keep track of their bright ideas and see what there is in them, the Press Claims Company has resolved to offer a prize.

To the person who submits to it the simplest and most promising invention, from a commercial point of view, the company will give twenty-five hundred dollars in cash, in addition to refunding the fees for securing the patent.

It will also advertise the invention free of charge.

This offer is subject to the following conditions:

Every competitor must obtain a patent for his invention through the company. He must first apply for a preliminary search, the cost of which will be five dollars. Should this search show his invention to be unpatentable, he can withdraw without further expense. Otherwise he will be expected to complete his application and take out a patent in the regular way. The total expense, including Government and Bureau fees, will be seventy dollars. For this, whether he secures the prize or not, the inventor will have a patent that ought to be a valuable property to him. The prize will be awarded by a jury consisting of three reputable patent attorneys of Washington. Intending competitors should fill out the following blank, and forward it with their application:

"_____, _____, 1895.

"I submit the within described invention in competition for the Twenty-five hundred Dollar Prize offered by the Press Claims Company.

"_____."

NO BLANKS IN THIS COMPETITION.

This is a competition of rather an unusual nature. It is common to offer prizes for the best story, or picture, or architectural plan, all the competitors risking the loss of their labor and the successful one merely selling his for the amount of the prize. But the Press Claims Company's offer is something entirely different. Each person is asked merely to help himself, and the one who helps himself to the best advantage is to be rewarded for doing it. The prize is only a stimulus to do something that would be well worth doing without it. The architect whose competitive plan for a club house on a certain corner is not accepted has spent his labor on something of very little use to him. But the person who patents a simple and useful device in the Press Claims Company's competition, need not worry if he fail to secure the prize. He has a substantial result to show for his work—one that will command its value in the market at any time.

The plain man who uses any article in his daily work ought to know better how to improve it than the mechanical expert who studies it only from the theoretical point of view. Get rid of the idea that an improvement can be too simple to be worth patenting. The simpler the better. The person who best succeeds in combining simplicity and popularity, will get the Press Claims Company's twenty-five hundred dollars.

The responsibility of this company may be judged from the fact that its stock is held by about three hundred of the leading newspapers of the United States.

Address the Press Claims Company, John Wedderburn, managing attorney, 618 F street, N. W., Washington, D. C.

Recent Book Issues.

FRESH PERIODICALS.

"The Eclectic Magazine" for May is made up of selections from the world's leading magazines. It has a special place to fill and it fills it well. Published at New York.

"The Cosmopolitan" for May maintains its position in contributions and pictures, among the very finest of the select magazines, for art and literature, published in the language. Published at New York.

"The Century Illustrated Magazine" for May is particularly rich and timely in several splendid illustrated articles on the World's Fair. The other contents are of the usual high and choice character. Published at New York.

GINGERBREAD BAROMETER.—A clever Frenchman who has original ideas on most subjects employs a kind of barometer which may safely be called unique. It is nothing more nor less than the figure of a general made of gingerbread. He buys it every year at the Place du Throne, takes it home and hangs it by a string on a nail.

Gingerbread, as everyone knows, is easily affected by changes in the atmosphere. The slightest moisture renders it soft, in dry weather, on the contrary, it grows hard and tough.

Every morning, on going out, the Frenchman asks his servant, "What does the general say?" and the man applies his thumb to the gingerbread figure.

Sometimes he replies: "The general feels soft, he would advise your taking an umbrella." On the other hand, when the general symptoms are hard and unyielding, the Frenchman sallies forth arrayed in his best, with no fears for his spotless suit or his new hat. He says the general has so far never proved unworthy of the confidence placed in his prognostications.

PAID IN KIND.—An industrious young man, who looks after the correspondence in a Wall street banking house, is an adept and enthusiastic manipulator of a typewriting machine. His sister, a self-reliant girl of more than ordinary cleverness is employed as stenographer and typewriter in a large manufacturing establishment in Buffalo. On the 1st of April the young man mailed a bulky letter to his sister, with whom he is fond of joking, and, as a smart reminder of April Fool's Day, he inclosed two large sheets of foolscap paper. On one sheet he wrote:

"Ha! Ha! He! He! April 1."

and the other sheets contained the words: "Now you owe me a good long letter—a long one, mind you." A few days ago this funny young man received an express package on which 40 cents charges were due. It looked like a small can of tea, but when opened proved to be a roll of ribbon paper, about 10 yards long, on which, in closely written characters was a long and friendly message from the sister in Buffalo."

HOW SHE KEEPS WELL.—There is a good deal of philosophy in the remarks of a busy woman who says: "I have no time to be ill, so I take time for the little precautions that keep one well. I am always rather hurried in the morning, but not enough so to omit my bath and take cold. If, unfortunately, I have taken cold, I know I shall have no time to coddle influenza or bronchitis, so I make myself a hot lemonade and put an extra covering on the bed at night. Then in the morning I throw off coverings gradually, until I am cool enough to venture to rise and take the cold bath. That is nearly sure to arm me against further damage. Then, too, I can't give up a day every week or fortnight to nervous headache, so I must give an hour every day to walking in the open air. I try to keep my small belongings in order, and put each thing back in the place I took it from, so I don't wear out my nerves hunting for the button-hook or hair-curler. I can't stop the machinery, so I try to keep it in running order."

DOING HIS HONOR.—A Parisian Countess paid a visit to Gounod at his Villa in St. Cloud. She passed through the dining-room just as the remains of the breakfast were being cleared away.

She saw several cherry-stones lying on a plate before the master's chair and took one, carefully concealing it in her glove.

Some time after Gounod repaid the visit. The lady, smiling and blushing, showed him a brooch containing the cherry-stone set in brilliants, and related the origin of the stone.

"I must tell my servant that," replied Gounod smilingly. "It will please him highly. Jean loves cherries so much, but I never eat them myself."

Needless to say, the lady never wore the brooch again.

FUNERALS IN MEXICO.—The most curious sight to the English eye in the city of Mexico is the funeral procession. There is not a hearse, as we know that vehicle, in the capital. Instead, the Mexicans use a strange looking street car to haul their dead to the cemetery. The car is an ordinary flat one, in the centre being a raised dais where the coffin rests, and this is bound to the body of the car by ropes and poles, round which are wrapped flowers. The mules drawing the car are whipped into a fast galop, and go through the crowded, stuffy streets at a break-neck speed, followed by a long procession of other closed cars filled with mourners. Rich and poor are all treated alike when they are carried to the cemetery for burial.

CANDY EXPOSITION

HORTICULTURAL HALL
BROAD AND LOCUST STREETS
PHILADELPHIA

TWO WEEKS, COMMENCING
Monday Evening, May 15

100 DECORATED BOOTHS
CANDY MAKING CONTESTS
CARAMEL WRAPPING CONTESTS

Doors open 2 to 10 P. M.
Admission, 25 Cents.

G. A. R. NOTICE!

We take this opportunity of informing our subscribers that the new Commissioner of Pensions has been appointed. He is an old soldier, and we believe that soldiers and their heirs will receive justice at his hands. We do not anticipate that there will be any radical changes in the administration of pension affairs under the new regime.

We would advise, however, that U. S. soldiers, sailors, and their heirs, take steps to make application at once, if they have not already done so, in order to secure the benefit of the early filing of their claims in case there should be any future pension legislation. Such legislation is seldom retroactive. Therefore it is of great importance that applications be filed in the Department at the earliest possible date.

If U. S. Soldiers, Sailors, or their Widows, Children, or Parents desire information in regard to Pension matters, they should write to The Press Claims Company, at Washington, D. C., and they will prepare and send the necessary application, if they find them entitled under the numerous laws enacted for their benefit.

Address

PRESS CLAIMS COMPANY,
JOHN WEDDERBURN, Managing Attorney,
Washington, D. C.
P. O. Box, 385.

TO PLAY MUSIC
WITHOUT STUDY!
THIS CAN BE DONE BY MEANS OF THE
INSTANTANEOUS GUIDE TO THE
PIANO OR ORGAN

Anyone knowing a tune, either "in the head," as it is called, or able to hum, whistle or sing, can play it WITHOUT ANY PREVIOUS KNOWLEDGE OF MUSIC ON THE INSTRUMENTS. In fact it may be the first time they have ever seen a piano or organ, yet if they know so much as to whistle or hum a tune—say "Way Down on the Swanee River," for instance—they can play it IMMEDIATELY, correctly and with good effect, on the piano or organ, with the assistance of this GUIDE. THE GUIDE shows how the tunes are to be played with both hands and in different keys.

It must be understood that the Guide will not make an accomplished musician without study. It will do nothing of the kind. What it can do, do well and WITHOUT FAIL is to enable anyone understanding the nature of a tune or air in music to play such tunes or airs, without ever having opened a music book.

By giving the student the power to play IMMEDIATELY twelve tunes of different character—this number of pieces being sent with each Guide—the ear grows accustomed to the sounds, and the fingers used to the position and touch of the keys. So, after a very little practice with the Guide, it will be easy to pick out, almost with the skill and rapidity of the trained player, any air or tune that may be heard or known.

The Guide will be sent to any address, all postage paid, on receipt of FIFTY CENTS. Postage stamps, 2's, taken. For Ten Cents extra a music book containing the words and music for 100 popular songs, will be sent with The Guide. Address—

THE GUIDE MUSIC CO.,
726 Sansom St., Philadelphia, Pa.

FREE PORTRAITS AND FRAMES!

Send us at once a photograph or tintype of yourself or any member of your family, living or dead, and we will make from same one of our enlarged life-like portraits (together with frame complete), ABSOLUTELY FREE OF CHARGE. This offer is made in order to introduce our portraits and frames in your vicinity, for one of our fine portraits placed in your home will do us more good than any other advertisement. This offer is made IN GOOD FAITH and we will forfeit ONE HUNDRED dollars to anyone sending us a photograph and not securing his portrait and frame FREE as per this offer. We guarantee the return of your photo so have no fear of losing it. Address all your letters to National Portrait Society, No. 12 Van Buren St. Brooklyn, N. Y. References: All banks and Express Co.'s in New York and Brooklyn.

Put your name and address on back of photos.

A PRIZE PUZZLE.

NO PRIZES FOR STUPID PEOPLE.

(In the above Sketch Six Faces are to be Found.)

The proprietors of the LADIES HOME MONTHLY will give a first-class Upright Piano of the very best make (valued at $350) to the person who can first find the six faces. A reward of a Safety Bicycle (valued at $125) for the second correct answer. A fine Oak Bedroom Set (valued at $50) for the third correct answer. A Solid Gold Watch for each of the next two correct answers. A Ten Dollar Gold Piece for the next three correct answers.

Every contestant is to cut out the Rebus, and make a cross with a lead pencil on the six faces and send same to us with fifteen two cent postage stamps for postal note for 30 cts.) for three months' subscription to THE LADIES' HOME MONTHLY, which is the best ladies publication in Canada.

We will give to the last ten correct answers received each a handsome Banquet Lamp, and a valuable prize will also be given to every person who is able to answer the Rebus correctly until fifty prizes have been awarded.

The envelope which contains correct answer bearing first postmark will receive first reward, and the remainder in order as received. Every prize in this competition will be faithfully awarded. Our 'bona-fide' offers are made by reliable publishers.

Be sure and answer to-day and enclose 30 cents in postage stamps, and you may receive a valuable prize for your trouble. All prizes sent duty free. Address,

(D) LADIES' HOME MONTHLY,
102 King St. W., Toronto, Canada.

IF YOU WANT INFORMATION ABOUT

PENSIONS

ADDRESS A LETTER OR POSTAL CARD TO

THE PRESS CLAIMS COMPANY,
JOHN WEDDERBURN, Managing Attorney,
P. O. Box 463. Washington, D. C.

Honorably discharged soldiers and sailors who served ninety days, or over, in the late war, are entitled, if now partially or wholly disabled for ordinary manual labor, whether disability was caused by service or not, and regardless of their pecuniary circumstances.

WIDOWS of such soldiers and sailors are entitled (if not remarried) whether soldier's death was due to army service or not, if now dependent upon their own labor for support. Widows not dependent upon their own labor are entitled if the soldier's death was due to service.

CHILDREN are entitled (if under sixteen years) in almost all cases where there was no widow, or she has since died or remarried.

PARENTS are entitled if soldier left neither widow nor child, provided soldier died in service, or from effects of service, and they are now dependent upon their own labor for support. It makes no difference whether soldier served or died in late war or in regular army or navy.

Soldiers of the late war, pensioned under one law, may apply for higher rates under other laws, without losing any rights.

Thousands of soldiers drawing from $6 to $10 per month under the old law are entitled to higher rates under new law, not only on account of disabilities for which now pensioned, but also for others, whether due to service or not.

Soldiers and sailors disabled in line of duty in regular army or navy since the war are also entitled, whether discharged for disability or not.

Survivors, and their widows, of the Black Hawk, Creek, Cherokee and Seminole or Florida Indian Wars of 1832 to 1842, are entitled under a recent act.

Mexican War soldiers and their widows also entitled, if sixty-two years of age or disabled or dependent.

Old claims completed and settlement obtained, whether pension has been granted under later laws or not.

Rejected claims reopened and settlement secured, if rejection improper or illegal.

Certificates of service and discharge obtained for soldiers and sailors of the late war who have lost their original papers.

Send for laws and information. No charge for advice. No fee unless successful. Address,

THE PRESS CLAIMS COMPANY,
JOHN WEDDERBURN, Managing Attorney,
P. O. Box 463. WASHINGTON, D. C.

PUGET SOUND Is the Coming Great Country, and the Pacific Coast Terminus of the Great Northern Railway is inevitably its Greatest City. Finest location, best harbor, greatest resources and most substantial growth. Investments placed through us now are on a basis that insures a PROFIT OF FROM 100 TO 300 PER CENT in the next two years. Our Inside Water Front Property, close to the business center, at from $200 TO $350 per lot on EASY TERMS, Cannot be equalled as a SAFE AND RAPID MONEY-MAKING proposition. We also negotiate choice Mortgage Loans and Municipal Securities. We are willing to guarantee any investment placed by us for a share of the profits. Highest Eastern and Western Bank References. For Maps, Pamphlets, etc., address the FAIRHAVEN

WASHINGTON IMPROVEMENT COMPANY, Fairhaven, Washington.

ADVICE TO DYSPEPTICS.

CONTENTS: Dyspepsia and its causes. Experience of a sufferer. Liver complaint a twin disorder. Constipation a result of dyspepsia. Food to be taken. Food to be avoided. Mailed free to any address.

John H. McAlvin, Lowell, Mass., 16 years City Treas.

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GUNNELL'S MONTHLY, Toledo, Ohio.

$25 to $50 per week. to Agents, Ladies or Gentlemen, sole or selling "Old Reliable Plater." Only practical way to replate rusty and worn knives, forks, spoons, etc; quickly done by dipping in melted metal. No experience, polishing or machinery. Thick plate at one operation; lasts 5 to 10 years; fine finish when taken from the plater. Every family has plating to do. Plater sells readily. Profits large. W. F. Harrison & Co., Columbus, O.

Humorous.

TO A COQUETTE.

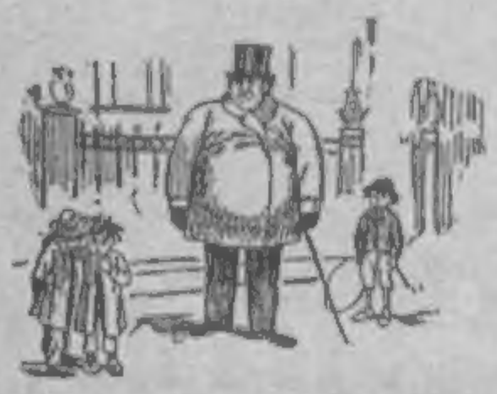
Gather ye sweethearts while ye may,
Old Time is still a flying!
And this same lad who loves to-day
A far may soon be hieing.

The glorious orb of night, the moon,
Will lend his aid unto you.
Summer is short—its end comes soon;
Coquette not—let them woo you.

'Tis better twenty rings to wear,
That mean each one a wedding,
Than have the gray threads tinge your hair
While maiden walks you're treading.

—U. S. BONE.

A Fat Wager.



"I'll bet yer, Jimmy, dat I'll run aroun him t'ree times in a minit while he's a-walkin an never touch his stummibk wunst."

Not enough to go around—A semicircle.

Mendicant, holding out his hand: "I beg your pardon—" Gent: "Don't mention it. I thought you were going to beg money."

"I'm surprised at the noise that Niagara makes." "Why?" "You'd think there was enough water there to drown the sound."

"Pa, how many logs has a ship?" "A ship has no logs, my child." "Why, pa, the paper says she draws twenty feet and runs before the wind."

"And is the air healthy here?" asked a visitor at a mountain resort. "Excellent, sir; excellent. One can become a centenarian here in a little while."

"The last time I saw Jones he was deeply in love with two girls. How did he settle the matter?" "Oh, easily enough. Only one would have him."

"Say, waiter," exclaimed an impatient customer, "I've been here a full hour." "I've been here since seven this morning," answered the waiter; "dreadful, ain't it?"

Cholly, throwing away a half-smoked cigarette: "I wondah why the last half of a cigawette isn't fit to smoke?" The Major: "Perhaps for the same reason that the first half isn't."

"It seems to me that you ask a pretty good price for this parrot." "Yes, but you know he belonged to one of the best families." "How do you know?" "He always talks when anyone begins to sing."

"How many hours a day do you work?" asked one of the relatives of a Government clerk. "Hounds!" the young man echoed, in dismay. "Gweat heavens, man, do you think I dwive a stweet cah?"

The Chinese think that la grippe is caused by evil spirits. Therefore, when one of their number is stricken with it, they come around with their drums and in a neighborly sort of way make him feel glad to die.

He was a carpenter. He had lifted his hammer to strike a nail. Did he strike? Not much. He paused, then returned the hammer to his box. The 12 o'clock whistle had blown. He was working by the day.

Tailor: "You have recently inherited a nice lump of money from your uncle; why don't you pay me?" Customer: "I don't want it to be said that my newly acquired wealth has caused a departure from my former simple habits."

"I say, Downey, did it ever strike you that pretty Miss Yerkes was very faulty in her grammar?" "No; I have never noticed it." "Well, I have. Confidentially, I asked her to marry me the other night, and she said, 'Mr. DeJones, I'm not going to marry nobody.'"

Young wife: "Dear, why are you eating so much more of my cake than usual to-night? Is it nicer than it was last night?" Young husband: "I—my darling—I—well, to tell the truth, I bet Tooxie five dollars that I weigh more than him, and we are going to settle it to-night."

A man was arrested for theft. Said the judge to the culprit: "You were not satisfied to eat a dinner at the man's restaurant without paying for it, but you went off with the castor and spoons besides." "That's so, your honor; but I took the castor and spoons from honest motives." "Honest motives?" "Yes, I wanted to pawn them, so I could raise money to pay for the dinner. See?" The judge somehow failed to see.

For Those with Colds.—Nothing but travel, and extensive travel withal, will give a person a full idea of the queer ways that there are in the world.

An American, who was not long since journeying through the midland counties of England, relates that in a small country town he once entered an inn, rather pretentious for the place, and called for turbot—a favorite fish in those parts.

The American had had a few days of dense fog, and his appearance and manner perhaps showed that he had become a little wheezy in consequence of the climate. He was forced to have frequent recourse to his pocket handkerchief.

When the turbot was brought, the guest fancied, even before it reached his plate, that it was no longer fresh; and an attempt to eat it confirmed that impression.

He called the landlord, who at once sent a waiter for fresh turbot, and removed the objectionable fish.

"I beg yer parding, sir," said the innkeeper, "but we got the idea, sir, as you came in, that you had a bad cold in yer 'ead, sir."

"And suppose I had? What would that have to do with my being served with spoiled fish?" exclaimed the American somewhat indignantly.

"Heverything, sir. We has this rule in this 'ouse: Fish as is a leetle doubtful, like that 'ere, sir—them which has lost the savor of youth, as I may say—them we serves to parties as appears to 've colds in their 'eads, sir; and we finds that, bein' as such parties can't smell nothink, they likes the fish just as well, sir, and hoften they prefers 'em!"

In Japan.—"The Japanese," says a recent writer, "have a mania for putting up English notices, and they flood your rooms at the hotels with English cards. And such English! The Japanese have no imperative mood, and they generally express positively. One day I said to the waiter:

"'Kishi, the rolls are cold.'

"'Yes,' he said; 'a good deal of not cooling the cakes is good.'

"A conspicuous notice at the Kioto Hotel reads:

"'On the dining time nobody shall be enter to the dining and drawing-room without the guests allow.'

"One of the articles in the municipal laws of Kioto reads:

"'Any dealer shall be honestly by his trade. Of course, the sold one shall prepare to make up the safe package.'

"A Tokio dentist's circular reads:

"'Our tooth is an important organ for human life and countenance, as you know; therefore, when it is attack by disease or injury, artificial tooth is also very useful. I am engaged in the dentistry, and I will make for your purpose.'

"The printed label on the bottle of claret at Nikko reads:

"'Weak man who is not so hard of his stomach take notice of his health ever must use this wine usually.'"

A Prudent Servant.—A young Austrian count, imprudently fond of the gaming-table, by a run of luck at Baden found himself a winner of thirty thousand florins, carried the money away with him, and deposited it carefully in his desk, fully intending to recommence operations next morning with renewed vigor.

To his unspeakable dismay, however, the precious roll of notes had in the course of the night unaccountably disappeared, and with it his servant, an old retainer of the family, of whose honesty he had hitherto never entertained the slightest doubt.

Ten days later, while still bewailing his loss, the absentee quietly entered the room as if nothing had happened, and handed a folded paper to his master.

"Where have you been?" angrily exclaimed the young man.

"To Vienna," coolly replied Fritz.

"And my thirty thousand florins, where are they?"

"Perfectly safe. I felt sure you would lose them again, so I took them to your banker's, and the paper you have in your hand is his receipt for the money."

Modern Girls.—The progressive girl is adding to her accomplishments that of fencing. The positive benefit to the health experienced from the vigorous, yet not violent, exercise, and the consequent added gracefulness of form and carriage, have created a genuine fondness for the fascinating art. Recently collected statistics show that women to-day are two inches taller on an average than they were twenty-five years ago. The natural inference is that athletic sports have been largely conducive to this and other decided improvements in the health and appearance of the sex feminine.

DOLLARD & CO.,

1223 CHESTNUT ST., Philadelphia, Premier Artists IN HAIR.

Inventors of the CELEBRATED GOSSAMER VENTILATING WIG and ELASTIC BAND TOUPEES.

Instructions to enable Ladies and Gentlemen to measure their own heads with accuracy:

FOR WIGS, INCHES.	TOUPEES AND SCALPS, INCHES.
No. 1. The round of the head.	No. 1. From forehead back as far as bald.
No. 2. From forehead over the head to neck.	No. 2. Over forehead as far as required.
No. 3. From ear to ear over the top.	No. 3. Over the crown of the head.
No. 4. From ear to ear round the forehead.	

They have always ready for sale a splendid Stock of Gents' Wigs, Toupees, Ladies' Wigs, Half Wigs, Frizettes, Braids, Curls, etc., beautifully manufactured, and as cheap as any establishment in the Union. Letters from any part of the world will receive attention.

Dollard's Herbanium Extract for the Hair.

This preparation has been manufactured and sold at Dollard's for the past fifty years, and its merits are such that, while it has never yet been advertised, the demand for it keeps steadily increasing.

Also DOLLARD'S REGENERATIVE CREAM to be used in conjunction with the Herbanium when the Hair is naturally dry and needs an oil.

Mrs. Edmondson Gorter writes to Messrs. Dollard & Co., to send her a bottle of their Herbanium Extract for the Hair. Mrs. Gorter has tried in vain to obtain anything equal to it as a dressing for the hair in England.

MRS. EDMONDSON GORTER,
Oak Lodge Thorpe,
Nov., 29, '88. Norwich, Norfolk, England.

NAVY PAY OFFICE, PHILADELPHIA,

I have used "Dollard's Herbanium Extract, of Vegetable Hair Wash," regularly for upwards of five years with great advantage. My hair, from rapidly thinning, was early restored, and has been kept by it in its wonted thickness and strength. It is the best wash I have ever used.

A. W. RUSSELL, U. S. N.

TO MRS. RICHARD DOLLARD, 1223 Chestnut st., Phila.

I have frequently, during a number of years, used the "Dollard's Herbanium Extract," and I do not know of any which equals it as a pleasant, refreshing and healthful cleanser of the hair.

Very respectfully,
LEONARD MYERS,
Ex-Member of Congress, 6th District.

Prepared only and for sale, wholesale and retail, and applied professionally by

DOLLARD & CO.,
1223 CHESTNUT STREET.

GENTLEMEN'S HAIR CUTTING AND SHAVING.
LADIES' AND CHILDREN'S HAIR CUTTING.
None but Practical Male and Female Artists Employed.

For 100 Years Bedford Water

has been recognized as the greatest and best cure for all troubles of the Liver, Kidney or Stomach. It is Nature's own remedy and can not be equalled by any medicine or other remedy for complaints of these organs. Ask your physician about it or write for pamphlet. Sent free by

The Bedford Mineral Springs Co.
Bedford, Pa.

BALD HEAD NO CURE NO PAY. NO MOUSTACHE NO PAY. WRITE FOR CIRCULAR OR ASK YOUR DRUGGIST FOR MY CURE. PROF. BIRKHOLZ, MASONIC TEMPLE, CHICAGO.

KANSAS MORTGAGES.

The new mortgage law, permitting the mortgager to retain possession for eighteen months after sale without paying interest or taxes, will cause many foreclosures.

ANGEVINE, CUBBISON & COBB, (states att'y) Attorneys, Kansas City, Kansas.

REFERENCES:—
Horton, C. J. Supreme Court, Kansas.
Johnson, J. " " "
Northrop Banking Company, Kansas City, Kansas.

MOTHERS! MOTHERS!! MOTHERS!!!

Mrs. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP has been used for over FIFTY YEARS by MILLIONS of MOTHERS for their CHILDREN while TEETHING, with PERFECT SUCCESS. It SOOTHES the CHILD, SOFTENS the GUMS, ALLAYS all PAIN; CURES WIND COLIC, and is the best remedy for DIARRHŒA. Sold by Druggists in every part of the world. Be sure and ask for "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup," and take no other kind. Twenty-five cents a bottle.

PISO'S CURE FOR CONSUMPTION. CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists. 25 CTS.

Reading Railroad.

Anthracite Coal Used Exclusively, Insuring Cleanliness and Comfort.

In Effect April 10, 1893.

FOR NEW YORK.
ROYAL BLUE LINE.

Leave Twenty-fourth and Chestnut Sts.

3.55, 8.20, 9.30, 11.15 a m, 12.37 (dining car), 3.35, 6.20, 8.15 (dining car), p m. Sundays, 3.55, 9.40, 11.15 a m, 12.37 (dining car), 3.35, 6.20, 8.15 (dining car) p m.

LEAVE MARKET STREET STATION.

7.30 (Pioneer two-hour fast line), 8.30, 9.30 a m, 1.30, 4.00, 5.15 p m, 12.01 night. Sundays, 8.00, 10.00 a m, and 5.15 p m, 12.01 night. Additional train from Ninth and Green, week-days, 3.45 p m. And for Trenton, week-days, in addition to above, leave Ninth and Green Streets, 2.20, 3.15, 5.45, 6.25, 11.15 p m. Sundays, 8.15 a m, 3.30, 10.15 p m. Round Brook, week-days, 5.31 p m.

Close connections for New York are made at Wayne Junction with trains from Twenty-fourth and Chestnut streets by local trains leaving Market street at 11.02 a m, 12.22, 3.07, 6.07, 7.50 p m. Sundays, 10.47 a m, 12.42, 3.12, 6.07, 7.37 p m.

Leave New York, foot of Liberty street, 4.00, 7.45, 9.00, 10.00, 11.30 a m, 1.30, 3.15, 3.30, 4.00, 5.00, 6.00, 7.30, 8.45 p m, 12.15 night. Sundays, 8.30, 9.00, 10.30, 11.30 a m, 1.30, 3.30, 5.00, 6.00 p m, 12.15 night.

Parlor cars on all day express trains and sleeping cars on night trains to and from New York.

For Schuylkill Valley Points.

4.10 a m for Reading, Barto, Harrisburg, Pottsville, Allentown, Shamokin and Williamsport.

7.40 a m for Reading, Pottsville, Chester Valley, Pickering Valley and Perkiomen Roads.

8.35 a m Express for Reading, Pottsville, Allentown, Harrisburg, Carlisle, Gettysburg, Shippensburg and Williamsport.

10 a m for Reading, Harrisburg, Gettysburg, Carlisle, Shippensburg, Lancaster, Pottsville, Shamokin, Bloomsburg, Danville and Williamsport.

12.45 p m for Pottstown, Barto and Reading.

1.40 p m for Reading, Pottsville, Harrisburg, Chester Valley, Pickering Valley, Colebrookdale and Perkiomen Roads.

4 p m for Reading, Pottsville, Allentown, Harrisburg, Shamokin and Williamsport.

5.20 p m for Reading and Pottsville.

8 p m for Harrisburg, Pottsville, Shamokin, Bloomsburg, Danville and Milton.

7.15 p m for Reading and Harrisburg.

11.20 p m Daily Sleeping car line for Pottsville, Shamokin, Williamsport. Connects for Lock Haven and Clearfield, except train leaving Philadelphia Saturday night.

SUNDAYS—4 a m for Reading, Pottsville, Shamokin, Harrisburg.

8.30 a m for Reading, Pottsville, Harrisburg and Allentown.

8.15 a m for Reading and Downingtown.

3.45 p m, Express for Reading, Pottsville, Harrisburg, Shamokin and Williamsport.

5.30 p m for Reading, Pottsville and Chester Valley Railroad.

7.15 p m for Reading and Harrisburg.

11.20 p m. Sleeping Car Line for Pottsville, Shamokin, Williamsport and Beech Creek Railroad.

LEAVE NINTH AND GREEN STS.

FOR BOSTON, via Poughkeepsie Bridge, New England Night Express (Pullman Buffet Sleeping Car) leaves Twenty-fourth and Chestnut streets at 6.20 p m, and Ninth and Green streets at 6 p m every day.

BUFFALO, ROCHESTER, NIAGARA FALLS and CHICAGO, 9.00 a m, 6.25 and 9.30 p m daily. The 9.00 a m train has parlor cars to Buffalo, and the 9.30 p m train sleeping cars to Buffalo Niagara Falls and Toronto.

FOR BETHLEHEM, EASTON AND POINTS IN LEHIGH AND WYOMING VALLEYS, 8.10, 8.00, 9.00 a m, 12.00 noon, 2.00, 3.55, 4.30, 5.30, 6.45, 8.25, 9.30 p m, and Bethlehem only 10.30 p m. Sundays, 8.30, 9.00, 9.30 a m, 6.45 and 8.25, 9.30 p m, and Bethlehem only 9.30 p m.

For Schuylkill Valley Points.

9.10 a m for Reading and way points.

11.02 a m for Pottstown and Barto.

1.35 p m for Reading, Pottsville, Harrisburg and Branch Roads.

4.35 p m for Reading and Branch Roads.

Sundays—11.45 a m for Pottstown and Barto.

3.40 p m—for Pottsville, Harrisburg, Byers, Barto and Allentown.

FOR ATLANTIC CITY.

Leave Chestnut Street and South Street Wharves, Week-days—Express 8.00 a m, 2.00, 3.00, 4.00, 5.00 p m. Accommodation, 8.00 a m, 5.45 p m. Sunday—Express, 9.00, 10.00 a m. Accommodation, 8.00 a m, 4.30 p m.

Returning, leave Atlantic City, week-days—Express, 7.00, 7.45, 9.00 a m, 3.30, 5.30 p m. Accommodation, 8.15 a m, 4.30 p m. Sunday—Express, 4.00 and 5.00 p m. Accommodation, 7.15 a m, 4.30 p m.

Parlor cars on all express trains.

Brigantine week days, 8.00 am, 3.00 p m. Returning, 7.25 a m, 3.25 p m.

Williamstown, Glassboro and Mullica Hill, 8.30, 11.00 a m, 4.30, 5.45 p m. Sundays, 8.00 a m, 4.30 p m.

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